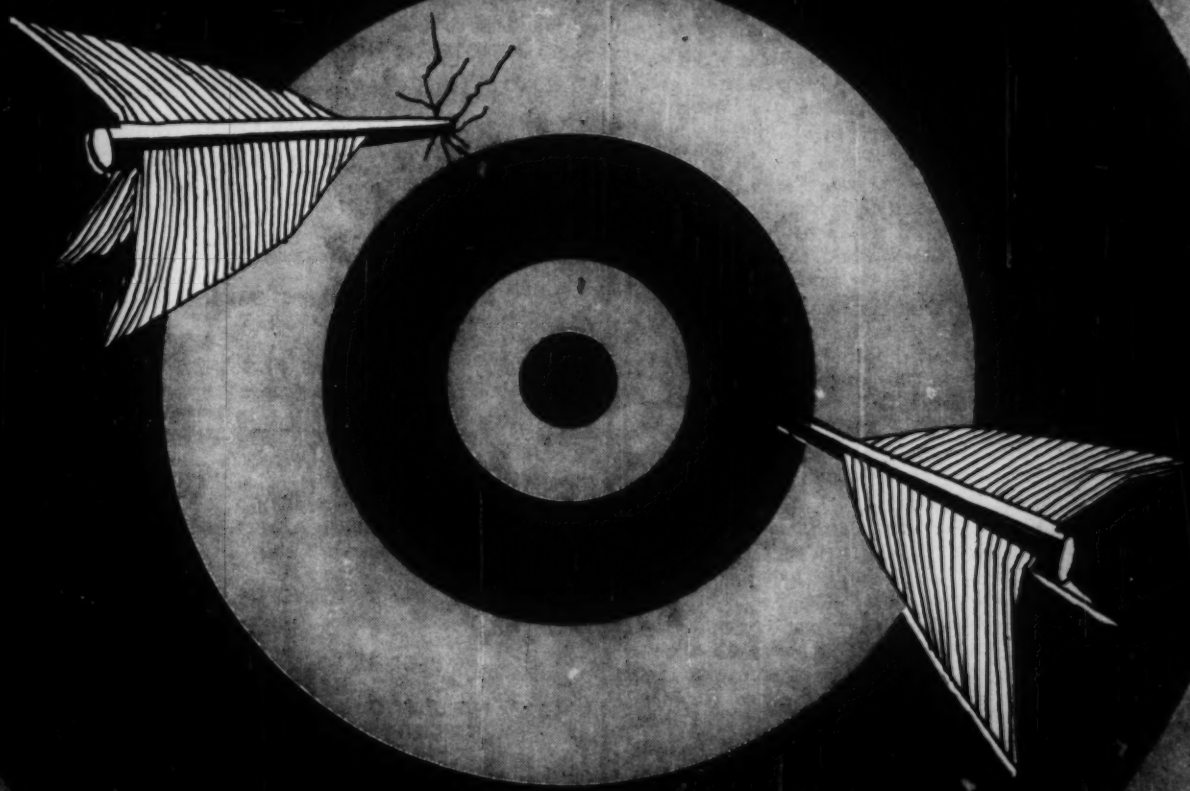
50 CENTS FEBRUARY 1960

THE PROGRESSIVE



THE TWO W[illegible] Mayer

PEACE, IT COULD BE WONDERFUL Stuart Chase

Office memo

ONE DAY in December the postman delivered a letter from a social studies teacher in Pennsylvania which asked, "Are eighth and ninth grade students too young to get much out of *The Progressive*?" While we pondered a reply for a few days three other letters arrived which seemed a direct answer to the question.

Hadley Finke, of Aurora, Illinois, in a note accompanying his subscription renewal, said, "Our son, David, who is now in Oberlin College, made excellent use of *The Progressive* all through high school, and now our daughter, Paula, in eighth grade, feels it greatly stimulating and useful in her work, in which she is making good progress. *The Progressive* has been meat and drink in the family for years."

Frank Foster, who teaches in a private school in Boston, wrote: "When I ordered 15 student subscriptions for my ninth graders last September, I was a little afraid your admirable magazine might be beyond their years. My fears were unfounded. They love it—and understand it."

Sister Mary Noreen, who teaches English at Seton High School, in Cincinnati, Ohio, wrote to tell us that one of her pupils, Pamela Gray, had captured first place among 10,000 other high school students in a state-wide contest entitled "I Speak for Democracy." "You will be pleased to know," wrote Sister Noreen, "that much of the material and many of the ideas in her prize winning talk were drawn from *The Progressive*, which I highly recommend to my students."

These comments seem to verify our own feeling that if a reasonably intelligent student from eighth grade up is *interested*—that it vital—in the subject matter, he will learn a great deal from *The Progressive*.

With the second school semester just beginning, we want to remind readers that we offer a special school subscription, for high school and college students, of five issues at only 75 cents per student, providing all the magazines are mailed in a single bundle to the instructor.

The next few issues of *The Progressive* will include some especially timely and attractive fare:

¶ Continuing our series on Presidential hopefuls, William V. Shannon will examine Vice President Richard Nixon in March, and Michael Amrine will look inside Senator Hubert Humphrey in April.

¶ O. Edmund Clubb analyzes the delicate and vital relations between the two great Communist centers—Peking and Moscow.

¶ Hubert Humphrey defines the needs and the goals of the Sixties from the liberal viewpoint.

¶ Dr. Robert Cook, president of the Population Reference Bureau and one of the nation's foremost authorities on population problems, embarks on a series of articles in his special and vastly important field.

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FOUNDED IN 1909 BY ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE, Sr.

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EDITOR MORRIS H. RUBIN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR MARY SHERIDAN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR JOHN McGRATH
BUSINESS MANAGER GORDON SINYKIN
OFFICE STAFF ROSE L. REDISKE, HELEN KLEPPE, DOROTHY BEYLER, BETTY HAMRE, ELEANOR WIND

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The Progressive makes no attempt to exact complete conformity from its contributors, but rather welcomes a variety of opinions consistent with its general policies. Signed articles, therefore, do not necessarily represent the opinion of the management of the magazine.

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PROGRESSIVE

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH
AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

The Democrats Must Choose

THIS IS A rough year for the Democrats. They have some hard decisions to make as the evidence continues to multiply that the Republicans —for the time being, at any rate— have cornered the market on "peace and prosperity" in this Presidential campaign year.

A united Democratic Party, led by liberals like Senators Hubert Humphrey and John Kennedy, Representative Chester Bowles, and Adlai Stevenson, might make a shambles of the Republican profession to be the party of peace and plenty. But there is no unified attack, for there is no united party. Instead, there are four Democratic parties, cranky, quarrelsome, and poles apart. On domestic issues the Democrats are divided, roughly, between the Southern conservatives, who have seniority, and the Northern liberals, who have a mandate they seem powerless to translate into action. On foreign policy, the Democrats are fatally split between the old soldiers like Harry Truman and Dean Acheson, who want to continue the cold war, and the fresher voices represented by the Stevenson-Humphrey-Kennedy-Bowles point of view that gropes for a more creative approach to foreign affairs.

This four-way division of the Democratic Party leaves it powerless to combat the Republicans on basic issues. Political conversation these days is concerned almost exclusively with *who* the Democrats will nominate, and hardly at all with *what* the issues should be.

Individual Democratic leaders, to be sure, are raising their voices on specific issues, but too often their views fail to register because other and equally powerful Democratic leaders are expressing precisely the opposite viewpoint.

A clear case in point is the gulf that divides Adlai Stevenson from the Truman-Acheson position on Premier Nikita Khrushchev's sweeping proposals for total, inspected disarmament. The former President and his Secretary of State have lashed out in the most surly fashion at the Khrushchev overtures, and in so doing robbed Stevenson of some of the effect he might have achieved in behalf of the Democratic Party when he adopted a far more affirmative position toward the Soviet scheme than did the Republican Administration.

Similarly, when President Eisenhower announced a weaseling position on the all-important issue of resuming testing of nuclear weapons, Senator Humphrey boldly denounced the President's decision—or more properly, lack of decision, as "nuclear brinkmanship." But his forthright statement could not present a Democratic Party position beca ıse Harry Truman was making the front pages with a position that went farther in demanding the immediate resumption of unilateral nuclear testing than Mr. Eisenhower seemed prepared to go.

The New York Post

Facing the Past with Confidence

Walter Lippmann summed it up with characteristic clarity recently when he wrote: "Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson have caused the Democrats to miss the bus. For what they have done is to oppose the President's effort to find an accommodation [with the Soviets]. Thereby they have handed him a monopoly on 'peace.' Moreover, they have confirmed the old and very unfair but very damaging partisan argument that under the Democrats all three wars of this century have broken out.

"This is not only bad politics. It is an unsound and untenable position. For an accommodation will be sought as long as the Soviet government wishes to seek it. The sound position for the opposing party is to raise the questions which will confront the country if and as the accommodation increases.

"These are at bottom the questions of our capacity to arouse ourselves to the effort, to put ourselves under the discipline, which the formidable challenge and competition we are facing will demand of us."

There is little evidence that the Democratic Party as such has a much greater awareness of the nature of the challenge and the need for a new national discipline than do the Republicans. The Democrats had little enough to say of the President's State of the Union message, which was shot through with complacency, self-indulgence, and an extraordinary lack of perception of the moral and social needs of our time.

Our society is sick with selfishness, comfort, and cynicism. Our society is sick with the everlasting worship of the almighty dollar. Our society is sick with its hunger for tail-fins and tranquilizers. Our society is sick with its lust for profit and pleasure and its indifference to public welfare and public service. Our society is sick with moral apathy despite the increase in church attendance. Witness the fact that the district attorney

of Manhattan reported recently that of 150 witnesses summoned before the grand jury in the television quiz scandals, 100 lied despite their oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But no wave of moral indignation swept the country. People were too busy building that second garage or buying a new color television set.

This sickness of spirit—what Senator Mike Mansfield called the "Roman decadence of the Fifties"—contrasts sharply with the dynamic drive that characterizes life in the country that is our great ideological adversary and confronts us with unprecedented challenge. For all the grumbling over the shortage of consumer goods, and there is much of that, there is, in the Soviet Union, a unity of purpose, a dedicated spirit, a sense of self-sacrifice, and a relentless thrust forward that staggers the imagination and disturbs the spirit of the Western traveler.

The Soviets are dynamic, buoyant, hopeful, disciplined, and expansionist. We are sluggish, apathetic, undisciplined, smug, and defensive.

This sounds pretty harsh, but it is high time we were blasted away from our television sets—if we are to meet the great challenge with which the Soviets confront us.

We tend to take too much for granted. We assume our moral superiority over the rest of the world. We coast on the assumption that the economic and technological superiority we enjoyed in the past will go on undisturbed if we just keep doing things as we always have. But most disturbing of all, we take our freedom for granted. We have always had it, or at least the white Americans have always had it, and we like to think it will always be there.

But Goethe, who experienced a crisis of freedom much like ours, said to his generation: "What you have inherited from your fathers, earn over again for yourselves or it will not be yours." And Adlai Stevenson warned us recently that we tend to confuse the free with the free and easy.

What can we do about it?

"The fault," as Cassius observed to Brutus, "is not in our stars but in ourselves."

The single great imponderable is whether the national mood will merge with the national responsibility. The United States is rich in resources and people and skills. Our potential capabilities are limitless. The wealth of our annual product is twice that of our Soviet adversary. There is, in fact, nothing we cannot buy except time.

Our greatest need today is an awareness of the challenge we face, and with that awareness, the need to develop a discipline, within freedom, that will enable us to assume the social responsibilities that that challenge demands. It will not be quick or easy. There are no simple solutions or pat formulas. There is no political patent medicine that will cure our social and economic aches and pains. It will be a long, uphill struggle. No society in history has needed more urgently to draw on the deepest source of courage and vision and responsibility than our own. We have it within our grasp to do it, for no society in all history commands resources so abundant that almost no decision lies beyond our capacity to translate it into reality—if we have the will and the vision to do it.

Adlai Stevenson posed the problem in these words:

"If we cannot—by a certain discipline, by readiness for reflection and quiet, by determination to do the difficult and aim at lasting good—rediscover the real purpose and direction of our existence, we shall not be free. And between a chaotic, selfish, indifferent, commercial society and the iron discipline of the Communist world, I would not like to predict the outcome. Outer tyranny with purpose may well triumph over the inner, purposeless tyranny of a confused and aimless way of life."

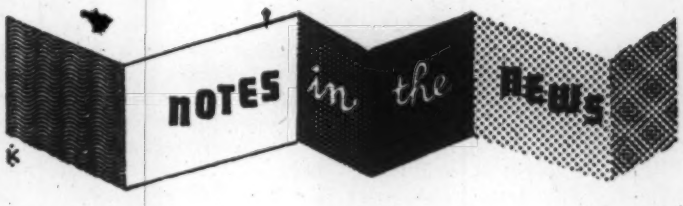
Burck in Chicago Sun-Times

"Order the Joyousness to Cease, Mr. Eisenhower Has Gone"

There are things that need doing immediately—the building of more schools with federal aid, the improvement of civil rights for our second-class citizens, the development of a national health program, the liberalization of social security, the launching of a truly adequate housing program, the inauguration of a wide-ranging expansion of our conservation program, and, perhaps most important of all, the promulgation of a creative American foreign policy rooted in a genuine willingness to embark on give-and-take negotiations of *all* issues, a commitment to move forward as rapidly as possible on the Soviet proposal for complete disarmament, and a determination to lend a helping hand, generously and without strings, to the underdeveloped nations of the Middle East, Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

Here, in our judgment, are some of the ingredients of a program that might enable the Democratic Party to provide the nation with the image of a dynamic, affirmative force bent on replacing the listless, complacent, and self-indulgent way of life that masquerades as "peace and prosperity" under the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration.

But the Democrats will have to choose. They will have to choose between the straddling "me too" mentality of a Lyndon Johnson and the bold liberalism of a Hubert Humphrey. They will have to choose between the Acheson-Truman commitment to the cold war and the Stevenson-Bowles-Kennedy dedication to a more creative American foreign policy. But most of all, the Democrats must, even if it means swimming against the stream, present a new and hopeful concept of our national purpose—one which would enable us to shake off our smugness and rise to the challenge we face.



(One of the most concise summaries of the first phase of the Senate inquiry into drug prices we have seen appeared in Political Memo, published by COPE, the Committee on Political Education, AFL-CIO.)

High Profits from Pain

How to make fantastic profits out of the pain and sufferings of sick people is being demonstrated by a Senate Anti-Trust Subcommittee's investigation of drug prices. The Subcommittee, headed by Estes Kefauver, Tennessee Democrat, produced figures showing that drugs marketed by the Schering Co. of Bloomfield, N. J., were hiked as much as *7,000 per cent.* The Upjohn Co. of Kalamazoo, Mich., bought female sex hormones for 14 cents a gram and sold them to druggists for $15 a gram—a *10,000 per cent increase.*

The Justice Department told the subcommittee that manufacturers refuse to put a new drug on the market until they are certain that it will return *four times the cost of production.* And the State Department has compiled figures showing how drug manufacturers are bleeding ill U.S. citizens *while selling the same products at fantastically lower prices abroad.*

For instance, a dozen aspirin tablets sell for a penny apiece in Great Britain, but for two cents apiece in the United States. In Argentina, a popular brand of 50 tranquilizing pills sells for 46 cents. The same brand costs Americans from $3.85 to $4.85. An antibiotic costing only $4 for 25 capsules in France is being sold to sufferers here for $6. For a Venezuelan, 100 B-12 vitamin tablets cost $2.63. For an American, the price is $4.88.

These prices are lower overseas *even though the manufacturer pays the added cost of shipping his product over there.*

The Subcommittee has brought out that small, efficient firms sell identical products at lower prices than the major drug houses. The majors claim that research and promotion and advertising drive their costs up. Senator Kefauver points out, however, that promotion and advertising by the big companies figure out to about $5,000 for every doctor in the U.S. Doctors in some communities have been taken on football parties with all expenses paid by the drug firms.

The pricing of so-called "wonder" drugs beyond the reach of the person of average and low income recalls the Salk polio vaccine fiasco. The cost of a complete set of three shots in Canada, where there was rigid control of prices, was $1.50. In the United States, the cost ranged up to $8.10—*plus* doctor's fees.

What father or mother would not spend every last cent he or she has on drugs if it would save the life of a child?

No wonder testimony before the Senate Subcommittee shows that the drug industry's profits have been twice that of any other industry during the past three years. Some of them would bottle the air and sell it if they could.

Another aspect of the drug problem that will undoubtedly come before the Subcommittee is the problem of kickbacks. Reports on this are made from time to time but no pattern has yet been established.

In 1948, for example, the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau announced that 70 per cent of the county's physicians were accepting financial rebates from drugstores, medical supply houses, opticians, and laboratories. In 1953, New York State caught 187 physicians in undercover deals with druggists.

These "anything-for-a-buck" practices, of course, reflect the prevailing moral code. Big business has accepted such things as rigged TV shows, flagrant tax evasions, stock options that permit company officers to profit enormously from the rising prices of the stocks of their companies, lush expense accounts, chain store pressure on suppliers for extra discounts, free trips for military men by defense contractors, piling up overcharges on interest on home mortgages, bribes by food manufacturers to grocers to favor their goods, the forcing of gas stations by oil firms to handle certain tires, administered prices, anti-trust violations, and planted advertisements on TV and radio programs.

Meanwhile, the Big Business Administration and its press and political cronies go about squawking that wage increases are "inflationary." But not a single peep comes from them about the inflationary effect of rigging prices as high as the traffic will bear.

How Callous Can You Get?

In lamely trying to defend drug companies that have gouged sick people, the president of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dr. Austin Smith, said: "If the pharmaceutical industry is at fault here, it is *because it has helped create a pool of millions too old to work by prolonging their lives.*"

If the firms which belong to Smith's outfit would charge even more than their already sky-high prices, perhaps there wouldn't be so many people still living—and that would end some of the clamor from these people over profiteering in drugs which annoys the industry. Is tha. what he means?

Anti-Semitism and Anti-Semitism

In the rash of anti-Semitic outbreaks that have circled the world in recent weeks, one stands apart, unique among all the others. The vandalism, the painting of swastikas on synagogues, the scrawling of vituperative insults against Jews on walls —all these vile acts that have occurred in West Germany, Sweden, the United States, Australia, and elsewhere have in common a private, personal origin. They are the products of twisted minds, of professional hate organizations, or of irresponsible sensation seekers.

But a recent Moscow broadcast vilifying the Jews was the voice of the Soviet government, and represents an *official* anti-Semitism. Echoes of Adolf

Hitler and his master propagandist Joseph Goebbels could be heard in what was ostensibly an attack on Zionism. People and nations can disagree honestly and honorably on the various aspects of Zionism, but the Moscow diatribe, broadcast in Arabic and beamed at the Middle East, dredged up the hate slogans of the Nazis in portraying the creation of the state of Israel as a conspiracy by "Jewish international bankers" to grab the oil resources of the Arab world. "Millionaires of London and Paris," "financial backers in Wall Street," "huge profits for imperialism" were typical phrases that recurred throughout the broadcast.

The Western world can be ashamed of the displays of anti-Semitism that have tarnished its shield of freedom, but only the Soviet government has stooped to using it as a tool of foreign policy, in a foul effort to inflame still further the intense hatred of the Arab for the Jew.

Reeling, Writhing, & Arithmetic

The Atomic Energy Committee seemed to be up to its old tricks again in a report on fallout data issued in the closing days of last year. Without attempting to analyze the 2,618 pages of data, we would like to pass on a few comments in the report which raised questions in our minds:

In a summary discussing the fallout "hot spots," the AEC said: "Strontium-90 soil values [in the 'hot spots'] are not higher than the average for the United States as a whole." This strikes us as an unusually curious statement. It contradicts independent scientists and research organizations that have determined conclusively that certain local areas in the United States have indeed received many times the fallout of the country as a whole. Does the AEC mean that the entire United States is a "hot spot"? A clue might be lurking in another AEC statement we found even more baffling:

The report said recommended maximum permissible fallout levels "are not levels which mark a boundary between safety and danger." Then what on earth are they? Does the AEC consider fallout "safe" unless it knocks you dead on the spot? What do such levels mark if not the areas of safety and danger, even by conflicting and confused AEC standards?

The purpose of the AEC reports is to educate and inform the public. But over the years the AEC's educational efforts have reminded us as has nothing in our experience of the brand of education described by the Mock Turtle in *Alice in Wonderland:* "Reeling and Writhing . . . and the different branches of Arithmetic —Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision."

McCarthy's Grotesque Echo

The sovereign state of New Hampshire celebrated Bill of Rights Day in mid-December by jailing Dr. Willard Uphaus, 69-year-old Christian pacifist, on a charge of contempt of court. The state supreme court captured the spirit of the occasion and refused to release the gentle, soft-spoken, religiously motivated educator pending an appeal of the lower court decision.

It all started back in the dying days of the McCarthy Era. Dr. Uphaus had taken the directorship of World Fellowship summer camp at Conway, N. H., in 1953 for the purpose of holding "disputatious meetings" and bringing together "people who have nothing in common." His efforts met with such admirable success that in 1954, in the course of a state investigation into Communist activities, New Hampshire's Attorney-General Louis C. Wyman demanded the camp's guest list on the grounds "there is reliable information some of the people are Communist." Dr. Uphaus refused to surrender the list, contending the state investigation to be "a direct invasion of Christian conscience and authority higher than that of the state."

More than five years later, the attorney general is still demanding the list and the genial doctor is still refusing. The contempt citation, handed down in 1956, has been through the state courts, the United States Supreme Court, and is now back in the state courts—with one last appeal still pending. Through it all Dr. Uphaus has steadfastly held his ground, "a-stiff-necked-rebel-in-the-name-of-conscience," as he was called admiringly by the arch conservative Boston *Herald.*

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* one of many newspapers supporting the doctor's cause, in an editorial published before the jail sentence was imposed, asked "whether New Hampshire shall insist upon its pound of flesh in a grotesque echo of a bygone McCarthyite hysteria . . . it will be a black mark on the United States as well as New Hampshire—a very black mark —if Willard Uphaus goes to prison because . . . to recall the words of the late Justice Holmes . . . he believes 'more than some of us do in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.'"

That black mark is now upon us. There is one last chance of wiping it out, but it is already too late to avoid leaving a lasting stain.

'For the Good of All'

One of the few bright spots in last year's labor-management relations picture—surely one of the bleakest periods in many years—was the development of a program by Armour & Company to retrain and relocate workers displaced by automation in the meat packing industry. Now, Armour and the two AFL-CIO unions representing its employes have added luster to their enlightened decision—and emphasized that it is no idle gesture—by choosing Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, as impartial chairman of the management-labor Automation Fund Committee which will administer the program. Kerr has become one of the most respected and most active leaders in understanding and resolving labor-management problems. There could be no better comment on this pioneering effort than that of Kerr himself in accepting the chairmanship of the committee:

"This demonstration of teamwork between Armour & Company and the two unions representing its employes is a fine example for management and labor throughout the country, for it is a joint effort to solve an inevitable problem—the effect of scientific progress on both industry and on its workers, and on the general public, for the good of all."

Trading Freedom for Money

To those concerned with the civil liberties of individuals, the loyalty oath required of college students under the federal loan plan is a clear-cut violation of the students' personal freedom, and a threat to academic

freedom. A growing number of colleges and universities are recognizing this threat and are either refusing to participate in the plan or are cooperating under protest. In the midst of this controversy, the American Civil Liberties Union has raised another academic freedom issue which is infinitely more complex and far-reaching, but which has gained little public attention.

The question is: will the rapidly increasing non-academic—especially federal government—financing of research destroy the freedom of the university to manage its own affairs? The ACLU, in a thoughtful statement issued after a careful study of the problem, says yes. But the ACLU is not suggesting that institutions of higher education summarily reject financial support from government, foundations, and industry. Rather, it stresses that such support creates problems in preserving academic freedom which can be solved only by nationwide recognition and discussion.

The federal government alone is spending annually $440 million in college and university research—as much as two-thirds of the total—and foundations and industry contribute many tens of millions more. Some of the results and some of the problems the ACLU sees are:

¶ The application of government security procedures in universities doing classified research limits the freedom of the school administration in selecting its own staff, and often conflicts with the personal rights of faculty members.

¶ Funds for sponsored research are more readily available in some fields of knowledge—notably the physical sciences—than in others, so that important areas of scholarship, particularly the humanities and social sciences, may be neglected.

¶ Little opportunity is given to the highly individualistic research person who investigates those paths into which his curiosity rather than a planned program directs him.

¶ Developmental activity is fostered at the expense of fundamental research, in the interest of immediate practical application.

¶ Grants are more readily available to the larger and stronger schools, thus hampering and weakening the smaller colleges in the competition for staff, students, and finances.

¶ Indirect costs of sponsored research may in some instances be so great as to cause an imbalance in the various disciplines, if the university is forced to divert funds from the social sciences and humanities to help underwrite research in the natural sciences.

While the ACLU recognizes that "our colleges and universities are irrevocably dependent" on non-academic sponsorship of research, "the short-term and long-term effects are not receiving the careful study they merit. . . . A very important facet of academic freedom . . . is the freedom of the university to manage its own affairs."

Money and Truth

The greatest danger to the political well-being of the United States, judging by the alarms of the extreme reactionaries, is the threat that the labor unions and their "bosses," through the lavish spending of huge slush funds, are about to take over the country. These alarms reached ridiculous heights in the 1958 elections when ultra conservative candidates for almost any office in almost any state were running, not against the opponent on the ballot, but against Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers and vice president of the AFL-CIO.

In the light of this persistent attack on union activity in the political arena, we found particularly interesting a report filed with the Clerk of the House of Representatives on political expenditures for the first eight months of 1959. The Republicans spent $1.6 million and the Democrats just under $1 million in this period. The AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education, the political voice of more than 15 million union members, spent $78,000 (all voluntary contributions), 2.6 per cent of the overall $3 million spent on politics during the eight month period. But four of the many extreme reactionary groups, Americans for Constitutional Action, Christian Nationalist Crusade, For America, and Pro-America, representing only a handful of wealthy men, together spent more than $200,000—two and a half times as much as COPE.

There's an old American saying, which would seem to apply here, that "money talks." But there is an ancient Russian proverb that also seems to us to be appropriate: "When money speaks, the truth is silent."

Soviet Student Loyalties

It seems a universal human difficulty to accept the fact that other people believe deeply in, and are intensely loyal to, concepts completely contradictory to one's own cherished beliefs. Much of John Foster Dulles' foreign policy was based on his simple faith—shared by a great many of his fellow Americans—that Communism was certain to collapse internally. To Dulles it was incomprehensible that the Russian people could give their hearts to a system so anathema to himself.

Yet the evidence has mounted over the years, particularly since the death of Stalin, that the Russian people are overwhelmingly loyal patriots, with a sincere belief in the Soviet system and in their government's stewardship.

Now comes evidence that even among students—traditionally the most rebellious group in any nation—the Soviet government commands allegiance, confidence, and a considerable degree of fervent, nationalist patriotism. American students, living among Soviet students under the new exchange program, reported to the New York *Times* that, roughly speaking, Soviet students fall into two general groups:

¶ The orthodox, those who take intellectual guidance wholly from the nation's Communist leadership, subordinating personal considerations to those of the party.

¶ The critical, who regard themselves as searching observers, free to criticize developments *outside the discipline of official organizations,* but by no means critical of basic premises.

The American students report that their Soviet counterparts have a strong sense of being a "new generation" destined for a better fate than were their fathers. They feel the "mistakes" of the Stalin era can never be repeated.

All of this would indicate that far from crumbling for lack of popular support, the Soviet system may grow in strength as the "new generation" becomes the leaders and managers of the system and the nation to which their hearts belong.

Adlai E. Stevenson: Last Chance

by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

This is the fifth of a series of articles exploring Presidential possibilities for 1960. Subsequent articles will include a portrait of Vice President Richard M. Nixon by William V. Shannon and a study of Senator Hubert H. Humphrey by Michael Amrine.—THE EDITORS.

IN 1956, after his second defeat for the Presidency, Adlai E. Stevenson made a statement regarding the highest elective office in the free world which was both renunciatory and philosophical. He said, "I can contemplate in tranquillity the distinct possibility that I will never be President of the United States."

Because millions of his fellow Americans do not share this tranquillity, Stevenson continues to be regarded as the most likely nominee of his party for the third consecutive time. Many Stevenson enthusiasts happen to be intellectuals, civic leaders, and generous campaign contributors. They might be called the catalytic agent of the Democratic Party. They are what make the water fizz. They create public opinion. And they feel a sense of kinship with Adlai Stevenson that they seem to sense in no other Presidential hopeful in either party.

Thus, in spite of all the zeal and fervor for that brace of tireless campaigning Democratic Senators, John F. Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey, many adherents of these men continually make it evident that Kennedy and Humphrey are their first choices only if Stevenson does not actively enter the field. At innumerable Democratic gatherings, I have heard people volunteer the information that their heart belongs to Stevenson even though they happen to be wearing somebody else's campaign button on their lapel or bosom at the moment. This was vividly demonstrated at the banquet in New York honoring Eleanor Roosevelt's 75th birthday. Most of the Democratic White House potentials were present. Stevenson received by far the most vociferous ovation. Raymond P. Brandt wrote in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that only Stevenson and Mrs. Roosevelt herself "came away with increased popularity and respect."

Stevenson has told me that he will not spend a four-cent postage stamp to win the Democratic nomination. He is personally fond of both Humphrey and Kennedy, and he has given each of them a sort of may-the-best-man-win benediction. But if a stalemate should occur at the Los Angeles convention, it is probable that Stevenson will be available for the party's nomination—even though some of his closest friends trust this will not be the case, for they wish to see him spared the ordeal of a third nationwide campaign. "I'd die if Stevenson lost again," said the attractive wife of a wealthy and enlightened date grower near Palm Springs.

It is my judgment that most of the leaders of the Democratic Party look upon Stevenson as the nation's intellectually best prepared man to serve in the White House. Who can rival his eloquence and basic wisdom? Yet many of these same individuals confess to some doubt that Stevenson can be elected. If it were not for this doubt, he probably would be a certainty for the nomination in 1960. But Stevenson has been beaten twice. One defeat was by a margin of 6,500,000 votes, the other by 9,500,000. These were not photo-finishes. They were landslides. Over and against this is the dry comment of Palmer Hoyt of the Denver *Post*: "Who could have licked George Washington? That was how General Eisenhower was presented to the American people."

This is the great behind-the-scenes debate within Democratic ranks regarding Adlai Stevenson. Were 1952 and 1956 fair tests of his national vote-corraling ability? If they accurately measured his appeal, then Democratic Party delegates will shy away from him as the 1960 nominee. But if the previous two elections are written off as forlorn hopes for the Democrats, regardless of the identity of the party's candidate, Adlai Stevenson could still be the overwhelming choice of those who will assemble in Los Angeles next July to make a fateful decision. I was told by a generous and liberal-minded California contributor to Democratic coffers:

"If I could appoint a President, I'd appoint Stevenson. He has what it takes to be a truly illustrious President. But if Stevenson is unable to win at the polls, I would rather succeed with a Democrat of lesser stature than to lose again with Stevenson."

It is Hamlet's dilemma repeated,

because it involves so many hypotheticals. What if the Suez crisis had not occurred on the eve of the 1956 elections? Had Republican demagoguery over the unpopular Korean War in 1952 made it impossible for a Democrat to succeed? Had the Democratic string run out after 20 years in national office? Many of Harry Truman's intimates believe that Stevenson was too indecisive, that he did not conduct "fighting" campaigns, that he equivocated on issues of vast potential appeal for the Democrats. But one of Stevenson's faithful has replied wryly, "Don't ever forget that Truman ran against Dewey. That's a whole lot different from running against Eisenhower."

The Lingering Doubt of Whether He Can Be Elected

The debate is endless, but it also narrows down to another question. How much have the two defeats by Eisenhower hurt Stevenson's political prestige, no matter how blameless he may be for what happened? One theory holds that too many voters among the present electorate cast their ballots against Stevenson for him ever to be able to reverse the verdict. Would millions of voters confess, even to themselves, that they could have been wrong twice before? Yet, arrayed against this is the fact that many political figures in America have won major offices after numerous defeats—Senators John Carroll of Colorado, William E. Proxmire of Wisconsin, and Ralph W. Yarborough of Texas, to mention only a conspicuous few on the contemporary scene. And if the British people had permitted earlier political failures to shape their attitude perpetually, they might have been denied the gifted leadership of Winston Churchill during World War II.

I am confident that Adlai Stevenson is the private 1960 favorite of the overwhelming majority of influential Democrats. But there exists among some of these same persons the lingering doubt of whether or not he can be elected.

Why is Stevenson such a favorite? What accounts for his enduring appeal to so many thoughtful men and women? He is not so liberal as Humphrey. He lacks the handsome youthfulness of Kennedy. He cannot match the political skill of Lyndon Johnson. He has many more overt handicaps —his divorce, for example—than Symington. He is not currently in high elective office like Governors Robert Meyner of New Jersey or G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams of Michigan. Yet mere mention of Stevenson's name can inspire and thrill many a gathering of Democrats.

I have tried to locate the secret of Stevenson's appeal to intellectual and thoughtful voters. I think one of his strengths is a trait which most orthodox politicians regard as virtually his principal weakness—what they describe as his indecisiveness, his tendency to see both sides of a difficult question, his melancholy and prolonged grappling with highly complex issues.

Of some of these things there can be no doubt. In 1952 Stevenson thrashed about like a salmon in a fish ladder, trying to make up his mind whether to run for the Presidency or for reelection as governor of Illinois. His attitude on farm price supports has never quite satisfied those who favor a continuation of big agricultural subsidies; nor are public-power groups content that he is 100 per cent committed to their side. I have heard criticisms from certain labor leaders that Stevenson has seemed to encounter "difficulty" making up his mind about amendments to the Taft-Hartley Act.

Yet these very qualities, so disturbing to some groups, are a factor in endearing Stevenson to the intellectuals, teachers, and writers who predominate in quite a few Democratic circles. Here is a man who does not pose as having a pat solution for every problem of these troubled times. He rarely indulges in the glib slogans which pretend to offer such easy remedies for grim maladies. He reserves his doubts about ready answers to monumental problems like farm surpluses, competing with the Soviets, or raising the necessary funds to finance government in the Twentieth Century. This, in the minds of many people, is a welcome contrast to President Eisenhower's bland promises of 100 per cent of parity, liberation of the satellite nations, and the "unleashing" of Chiang Kai-shek. Also, these Democrats occasionally recall that certain prominent members of their own party have heralded, with much fanfare, the unveiling of a marvelous new farm program—a program which they have not yet produced.

Stevenson Weakest When He Listens to Campaign Strategists

To extreme Democratic partisans, Stevenson at times can be somewhat less than satisfying. This is probably true of any political figure who broods extensively and who often appears indecisive. Lincoln, also a melancholy brooder, was not sufficiently hard toward the South to please the Republican radicals who unsuccessfully plotted his defeat for reelection in 1864. Indeed, Judge Samuel I. Rosenman of New York, former confidant of Franklin D. Roosevelt and an intimate of President Truman, has said somewhat disparagingly of Stevenson:

"I don't think his views are those of a liberal, but more of a middle-of-the-roader. On domestic issues, there's not much difference between Stevenson's ideas and those of President Eisenhower."

This is undoubtedly an over-simplification of Stevenson's reluctance to accept felicitous answers merely because they have voter appeal. Any person who has read his book *What I Think* will know there is a gulf, vast and wide, between Stevenson's ideas and those of the war hero who has twice conquered him for the Presidency. There also have been the numerous occasions when Stevenson was ahead of his time. During the 1956 campaign he took the risk of urging a suspension of nuclear tests.

Vice President Nixon called this suggestion "extraordinary and appalling, catastrophic nonsense—the height of irresponsibility . . . " Yet today, nearly four years later, Nixon himself has opposed a resumption of nuclear testing. Nor can it be wholly forgotten that Judge Rosenman's beloved patron, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was quite universally looked upon as a conservative among Democrats prior to his brilliant unfurling of the New Deal.

Stevenson is not a particularly adroit politician, and he himself probably would be the first to admit it. Eric Sevareid relates how Stevenson, shortly before the Illinois elections of 1948, told him they had written off Paul Douglas as a possible winner and that if he, Stevenson, won at all, it would be by a very narrow margin. Actually, Douglas was elected to the Senate overwhelmingly, and Stevenson went to the gubernatorial mansion at Springfield by one of the most colossal majorities in the history of the state.

In 1952 my wife Maurine and I were visiting Governor Stevenson in the Illinois capital. He then was being casually discussed for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Maurine pleaded with him not to consider this because Eisenhower was sure to be the Republican nominee. "And nobody could beat Ike," she added.

Stevenson countered with the information that Senator Scott Lucas of Illinois, the Democratic Senate leader, believed Taft had the GOP nomination all wrapped up. "I agree with Lucas," said Stevenson.

It is probably an irony of our era that Stevenson, poor politician though he is, suffers the most when he permits his political peers to persuade him to be out of character. This occurred in the campaign of 1956. Departing from the 1952 style which had inspired and lifted so many Americans, he allowed himself to get down to such narrow specifics as the price of hogs or the cost of kilowatts. This was supposed to be shrewd politics in certain states. Some Democratic politicians also felt, with audible relief, that it removed Stevenson from the lofty plane and high ideals which had characterized his 1952 appearances. The metamorphosis didn't work. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has observed: "In 1956 Mr. Stevenson lost the support of some of his 1952 admirers when he followed the advice of certain campaign strategists and deviated from his 1952 policy of 'talking sense to the American people.' "

No person is more thoroughly aware of this than Adlai Stevenson. "If I ever am foolish enough to let myself run for President again," he told me one day, "I will run exactly as my own man. I won't be met at the Iowa state line or the Oregon state line by people who will tell me the purportedly appropriate thing to say to win votes in that particular locality. I will relate to voters—everywhere—the blunt, hard facts about our position in the world and about the sacrifices required if we are going to improve it."

Stevenson Works Hard On His Own Speeches

Kenneth S. Davis, biographer of Stevenson in the book, *A Prophet in His Own Country*, has written that Stevenson's counselors in 1956 assumed he would delegate the writing of speeches to others while he was left free "to concentrate on public appearances and personal 'politicking.' " On many occasions in 1952 local bigwigs could not see the candidate because he was busy polishing his speeches until curtain time. The new division of labors in 1956 was an unhappy one for Stevenson. It helps to explain why the genuine Stevenson shone through so little of the oratory during that campaign. He later explained to Kenneth Davis that the actual preparation of speeches, "the 'creative' thing, is what I like to do. It's the fun of my life."

This, too, may be the key to a good deal of the basic Stevenson image. Ours is an age of the synthetic—of the ghostwriter, the tele-prompter, of makeup to hide the candidate's bald spots. We all know of the advertising agency which plans a promotional campaign for whiskey one day and a crusade for the Presidency the next. Neither is elevating nor meaningful. Candidates in both parties frequently have speech manuscripts thrust into their hands at the last moment. There is not even time in which to scan the ghost-writer's product before it is presented to the waiting audience and to the nation. People sense this and yearn for the days in our history when Lincoln and Jefferson wrote, under crucial stress, what they themselves felt and believed in. They remember tales of Jefferson, in rented lodgings in Philadelphia, drafting the stirring and rhythmical language of the Declaration of Independence.

In our era Stevenson, alone among leaders, seems to respond to these gleaming chapters from our past. Most topflight politicians make no secret of the synthetic authorship of their speeches. Indeed, they often boast of the task force of skilled experts in each field whom they have recruited for this task. Although Stevenson has had at his disposal some of the most gifted literary talent in the land, he has a hard time relying upon it. Davis, in *A Prophet in His Own Country*, has thus described the reaction in 1952 of those who made the pilgrimage to Springfield to fortify the Stevenson cause with their pens and typewriters:

"All of them became convinced, if they were not at the outset, that Stevenson was a far better writer of Stevenson speeches than any of them ever could be. Most of them were initially perturbed by the fact that the final drafts of speeches generally bore little resemblance to the drafts they had painfully prepared, but . . . with pride and truth they could proclaim that the speeches as Stevenson finally gave them—speeches which would be gathered into a best-selling book months after the campaigning had ended—were very much Stevenson's own."

I still have my own vivid memory of Stevenson in the cramped bedroom of Portland's then only union-operated hotel in October of 1952. It was nearly midnight. He had just completed a long airplane flight. His dinner consisted of a bowl of canned vegetable soup and crackers, eaten off a lap tray. While he ate, he revised a speech on power and conservation which he expected to deliver the next day. His eyes were hollow and gaunt with exhaustion. It all seemed dreadfully inefficient for the candidate thus to drain his energies and strength, especially when I thought of Eisenhower's smoothly-functioning campaign colossus with its troupe of writers and public relations experts. I knew the General was not polishing speeches at midnight. And yet when I came away from Stevenson's room

that night with Jebbie Davidson, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, there were tears of pride in our eyes.

Just how liberal is Adlai Stevenson? This question disturbs some Democrats, as exemplified by the strictures and doubts voiced by Judge Rosenman. When former President Truman endorsed Averill Harriman for President before the 1956 Democratic convention, he said candidly that Stevenson was not liberal enough for him. Yet, by contrast, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, whose liberalism has never been diluted, constantly reiterates her admiration and affection for Adlai Stevenson. So does former Senator Herbert H. Lehman of New York, another of unquestioned liberality. It could even be a matter of temperament. The precinct liberals have rarely cottoned to Stevenson. But the intellectual liberals consider Adlai their nonpareil. They are his shock troops. Their allegiance to him seldom wavers.

Stevenson himself is definitely not a doctrinaire liberal. Many of his early affiliations, in business and corporation law, have helped to anchor him to rather orthodox economic ideas. In the grave crisis of World War II, he was assistant to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, who had been the 1936 Republican running-mate of Alf M. Landon. After Knox's death from a heart attack, brought on by assiduous adherence to duty, Stevenson said:

"I loved that man. He was brave and honest. And he made a very great contribution to his country in her hour of greatest need. It cost him a lot. I'm sure it shortened his life. He was no intellectual, God knows, but he was highly intelligent—which a whole lot of 'intellectuals' aren't, you know—and he knew his fellow man from a rough and crowded life. His loyalty to President Roosevelt, his political adversary in 1936, had a defiant quality, and his admiration and respect for his chief seemed to grow as the going got tougher."

What Kind of President Would Stevenson Make?

It is perhaps a clue to Stevenson's outlook that he took no cognizance of the fact that Colonel Knox was not a liberal, but only that he was not an intellectual. In his personal associations, Stevenson does not dampen litmus paper to test if each acquaintance is simon-pure on every possible public question. This may accentuate certain suspicions concerning how far left-of-center Stevenson really dwells. Yet F.D.R. kept Jesse Jones in his Cabinet and he enjoyed cruising on Vincent Astor's yacht. Nor can Harry Truman be said to savor his bourbon and branch water exclusively in the company of those who score 100 per cent on ADA's voting score-sheet on Capitol Hill.

Justus in The Minneapolis Star

Adlai's Faithful Little Lamb

I first met Adlai E. Stevenson at the United Nations Conference in San Francisco in 1945. We journeyed together to Yosemite's granite cliffs and plumed waterfalls, and we hiked in the majestic fastnesses of Muir Woods. My impression of him was not necessarily of a fervent liberal but rather of a fascinating intellect, who knew not only world diplomacy but also the subtle differences between a Douglas fir and a Ponderosa pine.

What kind of President would Stevenson be?

I rather imagine he would be a President who tried the patience of every special-interest group in the nation. On agricultural legislation I would guess that he might be too conservative to please the National Farmers Union and not conservative enough to satisfy the American Farm Bureau. He would be too much of a loyal Democrat to win over partisan Republicans, but might be too fair and temperate to delight the extremists in his own party. For example, this is Stevenson talking to a Democratic National Committee dinner in Chicago in 1955, slightly later than midway between his two Presidential defeats:

"Let us be very clear that Republicans want a safe and sane world every bit as much as Democrats. And in this day, when our position is more perilous than it has been since Korea, let us also profit from our past mistakes, while we deplore them, and let us think of foreign policy not as partisans but as Americans. Let us, indeed, remember that he who plays politics with peace will lose at both."

Noble and stately words, these, but not the kind to make a partisan audience leap onto its chairs. They tell why Stevenson is a greater favorite with the PTA president than with the local ward chairman.

Excesses are frequently the fuel of political fires, but Stevenson cannot bring himself to light such faggots. On the eve of the 1956 campaign he was finally persuaded to endorse 90 per cent price supports on so-called "basics." But he did not quite let go of the lanyard. He made it evident that he was approving an expedient and not an ultimate answer:

"While firm price supports keep income up they don't keep surpluses down, and I say again, lest the dam burst and engulf us, we Democrats must press on, with Republican help, I hope, to develop the much broader national farm program which is required to restore the full parity of total farm income. At the risk of misunderstanding and misrepresentation, I will say again and again that restoring 90 per cent price supports to meet the present emergency is not to say they are a solution, but only that it is a better program than sliding supports which slide only one way . . ."

Stevenson's Record As Governor of Illinois

And there you have it, the strength of Stevenson intellectually and the weakness of Stevenson politically. He did come out for 90 per cent price supports to cope with a crisis, but he could not quite bring himself to claim for such supports any panacea status. Perhaps the statement reveals why he has never carried a state in the nation's bread basket. Zealous advocates of 90 per cent price supports rarely appreciate such gingerly back-

ing. But the statement also reveals that Adlai Stevenson is a sincere and honest man in bigtime politics.

This honesty was established for all the nation to see in August of 1952, when Governor Shivers of Texas called ostentatiously at Springfield and asked Stevenson to favor the return of the rich oil tidelands to the states. This was a major issue in the four states which stood to profit heavily from such a transfer—Texas, Florida, Louisiana, and California. Many electoral votes were potentially at stake. Stevenson could have ducked the question completely, or he could have imitated Eisenhower's ambiguous acceptance of the states' rights position. Instead, Stevenson crisply endorsed the majority Supreme Court opinion that the petroleum-laden tidelands were properly within the custodianship of the federal government. Quite obviously, this shut off his meager campaign exchequer from benefactions by the powerful oil industry.

An issue like the tidelands was no problem for Stevenson. On some other subjects, however, it has not been so simple for him to accept the traditional position of liberal Democrats. I have heard him sharply question several of my Senate colleagues from the Northwest about high interest rates. He was definitely not in favor of increasing the cost of borrowing money, but he wondered if there were anything to the claim that this might be necessary to quench the fires of inflation. I have listened to Stevenson asking the same kind of penetrating questions on the issue of Hell's Canyon Dam. He did not instantly assume the attitude that a federal dam was, *ipso facto*, better than a private utility company dam. He had to be convinced, with irrefutable figures, that the private dam would leave a good deal of the potential hydroelectricity of the Snake River undeveloped. Positions which some liberals take, almost by reflex action, do not come so automatically to Adlai Stevenson. Furthermore, I would classify him as relatively prudent on the broad issue of federal spending. Deficit financing, which is attractive to quite a few Congressional liberals, is not found in the Stevenson litany. For example, one of the accomplishments of which he boasts as a feature of his service in the Illinois governorship is this: " . . . Kept state expenditures on a pay-as-you-go basis by ending the use of extensive deficiency appropriations at the end of a biennium."

Some liberals find it easier to propose methods of spending governmental funds than in raising revenues to finance these undertakings. Stevenson's record as chief executive of Illinois makes it likely that he would not be in this group, which perhaps accounts for the questioning of the degree of his liberality by former President Truman, Judge Rosenman, and others. A sound measuring stick of Stevenson's philosophy might be found in some of the other features of his gubernatorial reign which excite his own pride and satisfaction. Here are a few as compiled by Stevenson's staff shortly before he closed his desk at Springfield for the last time:

Put the state police force on a merit basis, removing it as an item of patronage.

Eliminated non-working political appointees, with whom state payrolls had been padded.

Restored many sales-tax evaders to the rolls and insisted on equal treatment to all on tax collections.

Improved the care and treatment of the 49,000 patients in state mental hospitals, and provided for collection by the state of the cost of such care in cases where the patient or his family are able to pay.

Mauldin in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Somehow I Can't Concentrate with That Guy Around"

Enforced the over-weight truck laws to protect the deteriorating highway system, and increased highway revenues.

Pressed for elimination of chiselers and cheaters from the public assistance rolls.

Initiated a program for state financing of tuberculosis sanitaria.

Avoided new general taxes so that only two states, on a per capita income basis, have lower per capita state tax collections than Illinois.

Reformed the administration of parole laws by appointing experts free from political pressure.

Brought Illinois from the lowest to one of the highest levels of state aid for common schools.

A Democratic Ticket of Stevenson and Kennedy

These acts reveal a man who has a warm humanitarian heart, who possesses fiscal soundness and prudence, who administers government without fear or favor, and who is not afraid of political pressures. They do not inevitably describe an orthodox political liberal in the conventional meaning of the term. Such a person might have tried to do away with the sales tax altogether rather than bring honesty to its enforcement. I recall talking to the late Phil Jackson, publisher of the *Oregon Daily Journal* of Portland, after his newspaper had given a luncheon in honor of Stevenson, whom the *Journal* had indorsed in the 1952 campaign.

"All my fat-cat friends at the Arlington Club have been telling me what a radical this man is," said Jackson. "Why, he's no radical at all—in fact, he's barely more liberal than I am, and I'm certainly no New Dealer, I can tell you that."

Similar episodes may have occurred elsewhere in the nation, serving to explain why some flaming liberals cool off when confronted with a third candidacy for Stevenson. Still, a thoughtful man's performance in the American Presidency never can be predicted in advance with supreme safety and confidence. Walter Lippmann might hope to expunge the column which he wrote on January 8, 1932, about the man who was subsequently to become the Democratic nominee that year: "Franklin D. Roosevelt is no crusader. He is no

tribune of the people. He is no enemy of entrenched privilege. He is a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President." It may just be possible that the prophecies of F.D.R.'s amanuensis, Judge Sam Rosenman, could prove equally inaccurate about Adlai Ewing Stevenson.

Stevenson, grandson of Grover Cleveland's Vice President, will be 60 years old this February. This year, 1960, is virtually the last call for him. He either will be nominated in July at Los Angeles, the city of his birth, or he never again will be considered seriously for an office which many people regard as the natural niche for his talents of intellect, originality, and temperament.

I refuse to pass upon the dilemma of whether or not Stevenson's two previous defeats at the hands of Eisenhower stamp him indelibly as doomed to failure in quest of the Presidency. Only a seventh son of a seventh son could answer this question. It lends itself no more to authentic assessment prior to the event than does the whole question of the religion of Senator John F. Kennedy and California's Governor Pat Brown. We only can hope that the bigotry which plagued Al Smith in 1928 is no more. But can this actually be determined until it is put to the test? A casual inquiry at the front door fails to duplicate the emotions of an election in which hysteria and fanaticism might run wild. Intolerance cannot be measured apart from the conditions and atmosphere which tend to create it. The Stevenson riddle may not be quite so difficult to unlock, and yet surely the impact of previous failures is a generally unknown quantity in most elections.

I personally favor a Democratic ticket of Stevenson and Kennedy. Despite all the current flyspecking as to his record in the Senate, I look upon Jack Kennedy as one of the superior Senators of our era. Courage is a prime requisite in politics. Certainly it required courage to tackle the inflammable issue of labor reform. Regardless of the course he followed, Kennedy was damned if he did and damned if he didn't. This has been demonstrated by the fact that, although Kennedy strived successfully to pull some of the sharpest fangs in

Alexander in The Philadelphia Bulletin

Peek-a-Boo!

the Landrum-Griffin Bill, he nevertheless now is enduring bitter criticism from some politicians with close labor alliances. At 42, Kennedy's youthful magnetism and personality might also be a useful foil to what some look upon as Stevenson's lack of lure to the distaff vote.

Why Stevenson? for President? Franklin Roosevelt once described the Presidency as "preeminently a position of moral leadership." If it had not been that in Lincoln's time, would the 16th President have been able to persuade his countrymen to accept the first military conscription and the first income taxes in American history, so that the nation might be kept united? Stevenson, to me, possesses Lincolnesque qualities of soul-searching, of personal inner doubts, of a brooding awareness that the way ahead is stern and hard. If somebody were to ask what I think is the vital difference between Stevenson and all other candidates in both parties, I would answer that it was an almost indefinable ingredient which might be called "stature." Within Stevenson, I believe, are the essentials to be a great President. This is quite different from being a good President or a successful President, as a number of the other aspirants unquestionably could become.

America today desperately needs a great President.

Foreign policy is the supreme challenge. With his flourishes of worldwide travel and pilgrimaging, Eisenhower has substituted the appearance of a policy for policy itself, in the view of James Reston of the New York *Times*. After the cheering is over, the enigma of a divided Berlin or Soviet space supremacy still remains. Stevenson has persisted in recognizing that good-will journeys or vague platitudes are seldom substitutes for "generosity and decency in human relationships, and equality in human opportunities."

Discussing the unrest among the teeming millions of Asia and Africa, Stevenson has said, "Underneath the recriminations of diplomats and the conflicts of nation-states, there boils up today the hopes, resentments, and aspirations not just of leaders but of great masses of people seeking for themselves and their children the rights and privileges which, [Woodrow] Wilson said, 'all normal men desire and must have if they are to be contented and within reach of happiness.' "

It is easy to be superficial about foreign policy because the guideposts are frequently so far away. The test of a farm program may be in the price of hogs, only 25 miles off at the railhead. The test of foreign policy may be in the sprouting seeds of a war which Americans a decade hence might have to fight on the opposite side of the globe. Not even 20/20 vision can discern these measurements. That is why it is so easy to promise ultimate liberation for their relatives to foreign-language voters in large American cities, or to hint that eventually the Soviets will be overthrown by revolution and thus we do not need to worry about Russia's spectacular shot at the moon or its satellites in far orbit.

Adlai Stevenson Is America's Hairshirt

Stevenson has never indulged himself in these luxuries. He is the pragmatist who threatens his own political chances by reminding audiences that we cannot thumb our noses even at countries which occasionally offend our precious sensibilities. "I know some politicians tell us that we don't need allies," Stevenson has observed. "Life would certainly be much simpler if that were so, for our friends can be highly irritating. But it is not so. We need allies because we have only six per cent of the world's population. We need them because the overseas air bases essential to our own security are on their territory. We

need allies because they are the source of indispensable strategic materials. We need, above all, the moral strength that the solidarity of the world community alone can bring to our cause. Let us never underestimate the weight of moral opinion. It can be more penetrating than bullets, more durable than steel . . ."

Stevenson is America's hairshirt. He is the man who offers "blood, sweat, toil, and tears" when others are hinting temptingly at tax reduction or more federal subsidies and benefactions. Indeed, people have come to expect candor of Stevenson. One of the highest tributes which he received was when he strayed briefly from this role during the 1956 Presidential campaign. Men and women instantly complained that he was out of character, that the 1956 campaign product was definitely not the authentic Stevenson. Somehow, Adlai Stevenson has come to epitomize in many minds a political figure who tells the truth, irrespective of political consequences.

Nikita Khrushchev's doorstep has become a favorite platform for American political hopefuls. It has introduced a jarring and even frightening element into our political life. The Communist Party is unable to poll a fraction of one per cent of the vote at American ballot boxes. Yet the world's top Communist, Khrushchev, may possess the power to shape an American election simply by rattling the nuclear sword or fluttering the dove of peace at appropriate moments. Bismarck did this as a calculated policy in Prussia to influence French politics. What if Khrushchev finds that the mailed fist or the gloved hand, on his part, can stampede American voters into favoring one party or the other as an instrumen of supposed peace?

I think this is one of the truly disturbing developments of our era. That is why the visits of leading Americans with Khrushchev must be reported faithfully and realistically, and without self-serving embellishments. If public opinion in our country is to be unmoved by Soviet bombast or blandishments, then American statesmen must be entirely candid in analyzing their impressions of Khrushchev's motives and aspirations. Stevenson, as I see it, has come closer to such a goal than any other important visitor to the Soviet dictator.

For example, in interviews with *The Progressive* and the New York *Times* on Khrushchev's disarmament address at the United Nations, Stevenson exclaimed: "This is the first time I have ever felt encouraged on the subject of disarmament. His replies to my questions left me with the clear understanding that in his view an international control body should have the power and facilities to control and inspect each step of the disarmament process to the extent necessary to insure compliance with the step, such power and facilities to vary according to the needs of each phase . . .

"While I wish I were more sanguine that something positive might come of Mr. Khrushchev's sweeping disarmament proposal, he certainly gave me new hope that they meant business this time. And above all, we should not hastily and cynically dismiss his proposals as 'clumsy propaganda,' 'old stuff,' or 'utopian nonsense.' For thereby we only redouble the propaganda impact—if that is all it is—of Russia's posture as the peace maker—the mighty Russia which first put a satellite in orbit and has just pinned her colors to the moon.

"We must pay attention, cautiously but carefully, to what Mr. Khrushchev says about disarmament because he has a lot to say about the life and death of all of us. And I wish we could learn that with the Communists the important thing is not always whether they are sincere but whether they are serious."

Stevenson Would Shape A Time of Greatness

Stevenson has a nobility of spirit which is rare in politics. Lincoln said, "I shall do nothing through malice. What I deal with is too vast for malice." Alas, this counsel of restraint is frequently honored far more in the breach than in the observance. Many men in politics, flattered beyond belief and the object of constant sycophancy, whine and wail whenever matters do not suit their fancy. After a defeat at the polls, they blame everyone except themselves. I have sat beside former governors and former Senators, listening to hours of abuse against those responsible for their political downfall.

Stevenson is a different kind of bird from the usual political breed. He was twice vanquished for the Presidency under the most trying and difficult circumstances. He brought tears to millions of eyes besides his own on the night of his defeat in 1952, when he told those who had worked in his losing cause:

"Someone asked me, as I came down the street, how I felt, and I was reminded of a story that a fellow townsman of ours in Springfield used to tell—Abraham Lincoln. They asked him how he felt once after an unsuccessful election. He said that he felt like a little boy who had stubbed his toe in the dark. He said that he was too old to cry, but it hurt too much to laugh."

I have never heard Stevenson bewail his political fortunes. I have never heard Stevenson deride his conqueror or speak poorly of those who failed to support the Stevenson campaigns. His references to the President of the United States, whether spoken in public or in private, are always in terms of personal respect. This is not usual in American politics. One should listen to former Senators commenting on those who occupy their chairs.

One night at a dinner party in Washington, my wife and I heard the Dean Achesons ridiculing and denouncing Stevenson. The vilification continued for a long time and was obviously no secret. They seemed anxious to make known their utter contempt and dislike for the Democratic Party's unsuccessful nominee of 1952 and 1956. Some weeks later we mentioned this episode to Stevenson. He shook his head sadly with a wry smile. "Dean was a fine Secretary of State," he said. "I only wish he and Mrs. Acheson thought better of me." And there the topic ended.

I do not know whether Adlai Stevenson ever will become President of the United States. The path ahead of a two-time loser is pocked with perils, and 1960 is undoubtedly his last chance. Destiny often foils those who seem most prepared for destiny's climactic events. But what I do know is this—if Stevenson does not go to the White House, millions of his fellow Americans will feel they have been robbed of their opportunity to live in a time of greatness.

Peace, It COULD Be Wonderful!

by STUART CHASE

This is the second of a series of two articles exploring the economic consequences of peace. The first appeared in the January issue. Mr. Chase is one of the nation's foremost social analysts, and has served as expert consultant to management, labor, and the federal government. He is the author of many books, including Goals for America, The Economy of Abundance, Idle Money, Idle Men, *and, soon to be published,* Program for Americans.—THE EDITORS.

PLANNING has been defined as "intelligent cooperation with the inevitable." A secure disarmament agreement by 1962, say, or 1965, may not be inevitable, but unless an agreement comes along in due course, a nuclear war is probably inevitable. The technological imperative has us over a barrel; either a warless world or no world at all.

As an end in itself, planning is meaningless. One must always ask: planning for what? President Franklin D. Roosevelt, in the famous "hundred days" of 1933, developed some striking plans to restore confidence and prosperity. In 1941 the Pentagon developed plans to win a war against Germany and Japan, and the War Production Board followed with large-scale plans to shift American industry from butter to guns. The plan we now need is the reverse: how to shift from bombs to butter. It is equally important and somewhat less complicated. What must be done to get ready for the day when peace breaks out? How can our open society meet it without surrendering too much advantage to the closed societies of the East, where the transition will be relatively smooth?

New jobs will have to be found for the millions released from the armed forces and armaments production; a great many companies must be saved from bankruptcy that might result from cancellation of orders; mountains of raw materials must be reallocated. All kinds of new arrangements will have to be concluded with the United Nations, NATO, our allies, our late cold war enemies; with underdeveloped countries, world banking agencies, and world trade. It is no small task to prepare to live on a planet from which war has been banished, hopefully forever.

Such a plan, it is encouraging to learn, is less formidable than the war plans demanded in 1941. It must be remembered that these also included the allocation of firepower and materials all over the world. China was our ally then, as were the British, French, and Dutch empires, together with Canada, most of Latin America, and Australia. Supplies had to be not only allocated to allies, but denied to enemies, through a process called "preclusive buying."

The plan now needed will present problems less comprehensive perhaps, but more difficult psychologically, because the motive for solving them may seem less urgent. This plan will require the best brains in the country—statesmen, social scientists, natural scientists, educators, lawyers, businessmen, labor leaders. It will demand plenty of generalists, people who do not let their specialist training distort the overall view. A carefully designed, well-staffed Peace Production Board will have to be set up, with perhaps only advisory powers at the beginning. It can be provided with teeth later, as plans become clarified.

Let us assume that $50 billion annually will no longer be spent for armies and armaments, the equivalent, say, of eight million jobs. Unless this manpower is put to work elsewhere, unemployment, including the normal "frictional" total of upwards of two million, may be expected to rise to more than 10 million, enough to threaten a major depression. Such a crash would be disastrous for us, for our allies, and for the cause of the open society. It would present the uncommitted peoples a devastating propaganda picture, in sharp contrast to that of Russia moving smoothly into peacetime production.

To obviate such a debacle, we shall have to take at least four steps—not necessarily in this order:

¶ Temporary payments to the unemployed during the period of transfer, especially to men demobilized from the armed services.

¶ A substantial tax cut.

¶ Increased economic and technical aid to underdeveloped countries.

¶ Increased outlays for various public services which now suffer from acute starvation.

Temporary help to the unemployed will be in the nature of terminal pay and will present no particular problem. The tax cut, however, will require careful planning. What brackets should be cut the most, and what luxury taxes, if any, rebated? The average taxpayer, experts agree, should receive a handsome dividend when peace breaks out. Insofar as he spends this dividend for consumer goods unemployed men will find new jobs. But if he uses it to pay off the mortgage and some of his installment debt (now at an historic high), the effect on unemployment will be small. Which will he do? Competent investigators—say Rensis Likert's opinion survey team at the University of

Michigan—should be asked by the Peace Production Board to find out.

Foreign aid may also turn out to be relatively simple. In fact it should present no problem at all so far as financing is concerned. A large percentage of foreign aid at present takes the form of military hardware; it has averaged $2.4 billion annually in the past few years, according to the New York *Times*. If disarmament becomes a reality, the $2.4 billion can be transferred to economic aid, more than doubling it, without additional appropriation. The underdeveloped countries, however, promise to be the new battleground between the open and closed forms of society. The Board might therefore recommend even more economic aid—which would reduce unemployment by that much.

Careful students of the transition problem agree that tax relief and foreign aid will not take care of all the unemployed. For one thing, no such demand for consumer goods will appear as did after World War II. On the contrary, the consumer is surfeited in some departments. Entirely new jobs, not just more old ones, must be found for probably most of the workers released from war preparations. Here is where real planning must be concentrated.

What kind of jobs? How shall they be financed?

Financing should be quite feasible, at least in theory. Instead of spending the taxpayers' money for missiles, H-bombs, and atomic submarines, the government would spend the same amount—less the tax cut—on conservation and education. The missiles and bombs represent dead loss and waste—in the sense that nuclear weapons can never be used without utter disaster. Instead, our problem is to spend for real wealth, some of it self-liquidating in whole or in part, like the TVA and public housing. Such projects, curiously enough, are harder to design than armaments. The Great Depression taught us that.

While the affluent society in recent years has supplied the consumer with fintail cars, ranch style subdivisions, motels, movies, refrigerators, overstuffed furniture, juke boxes, outboard motors, cosmetics, Miami Beach, Las Vegas, filter-tip cigarets, martinis, race tracks, quiz programs, bourbon, and comic strips, public services have relatively declined and their shortage has given the economy a severe tilt to starboard—we have become a leaning tower of private opulence on a shaky foundation of public squalor. The shift from guns to butter presents an unparalleled opportunity to right the balance and strengthen the base.

There are still substantial numbers of Americans living in poverty and misery, but it is nevertheless true that for the first time in history a society has evolved where people well above the subsistence level heavily outnumber poor people. Although 30 million families reported an average income of $2,040, the overall average family income in the United States now exceeds $5,000 a year. But there is a catch in it. Our affluence, such as it is, is largely built on the shaky foundations of the high pressure selling of goods we do not need, and for which we have gone into debt via installment buying.

J. K. Galbraith has described the contrast in brilliant terms in his recent book, *The Affluent Society*. Conventional wisdom, he says, holds that only private output constitutes wealth; public output is at best a necessary evil.

"The family which takes its mauve and cerise air-conditioned, power-steered and power-braked automobile out for a tour passes through cities that are badly paved, made hideous by litter and blighted buildings . . . They pass on into a countryside that has been rendered largely invisible by commercial art. The goods which the latter advertise have an absolute priority in our value system . . . They picnic on exquisitely packaged food from a portable icebox by a polluted stream, and go on to spend the night at a park which is a menace to public health and morals."

Denver Post

Storage Facilities for U.S. Farm Surplus

The logical place to put the unemployed to work, accordingly, is in the neglected public services. A vast amount of new construction needs to be undertaken, and, as a preliminary, a gigantic mess must be cleaned up before the affluent family can live with any comfort and serenity. Here is a list of some of the major shortages. They are largely outside the area of profitable private enterprise—though private business stands to make a good profit indirectly from all these activities.

Education: The United States was short 140,000 classrooms in 1959. Low salaries for teachers exclude many good potential candidates. More than 200,000 high school graduates, capable of successful college work, cannot afford higher education. Says the Carnegie Corporation: "At a time when we need able and well-trained people in every sector of our national life, the loss to the colleges of a million talented young people over each five-year period is a shocking matter." It is the more shocking in contrast with Russia, which now provides scholarships for all her talented youngsters. TV educational programs have a tough struggle to survive against how-to-get-thin commercials. U.S. libraries, too, are in financial trouble. Many of them are badly housed, understaffed, and often closed on Saturdays, when they are most needed.

Health: The United States spends for research in mental health one-tenth of what it spends for chewing gum. Yet it is our number one health problem, taking half of all hospital

beds. More research is badly needed on cancer, on heart disease, on the mounting problem of population control, on many medical mysteries. We are seriously short of hospitals; our food and drug inspection teams are chronically starved for funds. The problems of old people grow more acute, with too little being done about them. There will be twice as many of us over 65 by 1975 as there are today.

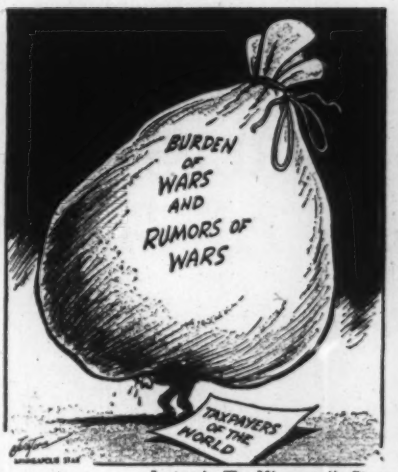
Megalopolis: Last July, *Newsweek* summarized the appalling situation in our larger cities under the title of "THE BIG TOWN—THE BIG MESS." What's wrong, *Newsweek* asks, with New York?

> **Slums.** One out of every eight New Yorkers lives in almost incredible squalor. Some tenements are packed as many as ten to a rat-infested room.
>
> **Crime.** Much of the city is a jungle, where no one is safe after dark. Even in some schools, teenage girls now walk in pairs as protection against rape.
>
> **Finances.** City revenues rely on a crazy quilt of nuisance taxes; city services are on a toboggan.
>
> **People.** The stable middle class, which pays the taxes, buys the goods, and votes responsibly, is quitting the city for the suburbs.

When the stable citizens get to the suburbs they are likely to find an unplanned chaos of subdivisions, factories, supermarkets, roadside taverns, and traffic jams, making them wonder why they came. Zoning and planning are growing in influence but not always soon enough to close the door before the horse has gone.

Every large city in the country, including its suburbs, is grossly delinquent in public services. Colossal programs are needed for urban redevelopment, slum clearance, housing, transportation, parking areas, water supply, sewage, hospitals, schools, recreation facilities—before citizens can live rather than unhappily exist.

Pollution: The condition of American rivers has long been notorious. "The pollution of the Potomac as it flows through the capital is a national disgrace," says a recent monograph. Other forms of pollution are now being added, like pollution of soil and crops by poisonous sprays,



Justus in The Minneapolis Star

Atlas

applied without adequate research on their effects—witness the recent cranberry scandal. Even the air is being polluted. Smog, once the proud monopoly of Los Angeles, is spreading over the face of the land, as one trillion cubic feet of noxious fumes are released from 70 million trucks, busses, and private cars every day. Smog, along with cigarets, is said to be a cause of lung cancer. Another looming threat is the disposal of atomic wastes, now dumped into rivers, caves, the ocean, with nobody at all sure of the final effects. The research so bitterly needed in these various aspects of pollution is now blocked by the stone wall of budget balancing.

Other shortages: The list can be indefinitely extended. It includes inadequate airports, highways, parks, playgrounds, wilderness areas, weather research and reporting. There is a shortage of policemen in our cities; not enough judges to clear court calendars—some of them five years behind. Government salaries are generally so low that many good men cannot afford to serve the state, or to remain in government service once they volunteer—a tragic turnover. The governor of my state of Connecticut, Abraham Ribicoff, in an annual message to the legislature, asked funds to improve a long list of public services, including flood control, beach erosion repair, water table protection, forest conservation, wild life preservation, hospital modernization, mental health facilities, help for retarded children, highway safety, and protection against radioactive wastes. Ribicoff is also working with Governors Rockefeller of New York and Meyner of New Jersey in an attempt to do something about the breakdown of railroad commuter service to New York City. Commuters in my home town, 60 miles out, are arriving at the office, and getting home again, anywhere from a half hour to two hours late, in cars which apparently antedate the Mexican War. Haggard men they are, and haggard too their wives waiting wearily at the station as the dinner burns up. Perhaps government subsidy is the only answer.

A little research, combined with some first-hand observation, makes the profile of the leaning tower clear. Our affluence is demonstrable in dollar income but not in civilized living. We have the mauve and cerise cars all right, but we lack room to park them and places to go in them that are comfortable and sightly. "The counterpart of increasing opulence will be deepening filth," says Galbraith, unless we do something about it. A Peace Production Board, first finding the facts, then making recommendations to the President, to Congress, and to citizens generally, then exerting some direct power, like the old War Production Board, could do something about it. The leaning tower might be brought into balance, while after suitable periods of training, all the remaining unemployed could be put to work at tasks more useful and probably more congenial.

Once the Board were rolling, furthermore, it should not be disbanded like the War Production Board in 1946. It should go on to an even more challenging task: how to help plan a world in which peace everywhere endured.

I gave a talk at an Army base during World War II, looking to the day when the war ended. In the question period, a soldier got to his feet and said: "I'm a tank driver. If we can keep prosperous, making tanks for men like me to die in, why can't we keep prosperous making houses for people to live in?"

We did and we can. But this time it will take some planning.

THE TWO WORLDS

I—Get Homing, Pigeon

by MILTON MAYER

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Mayer based on his recently concluded year and a half of living, learning, and lecturing on both sides of the curtain in Europe. The second in the series, entitled "Who Fights for Freedom?," will appear in the March issue of The Progressive. *A regular contributor to this magazine, Mr. Mayer is a widely known and deeply controversial writer and lecturer. His articles have appeared in* Peace News, Fellowship, Life, Harper's, Commonweal, *the* Saturday Evening Post, *and many other publications in this country and abroad.*—THE EDITORS.

"WHAT YOU SAY," said my Communist host, "is certainly true: both worlds talk peace and both are armed to the teeth for war."

"Yes," I said.

"And of course," my host went on, "there *is* war between them. That we can not deny."

"No," I said, "that we can not deny."

"War between capitalism and socialism," my host went on, "no matter how it is fought, hot or cold."

"Hot or cold," I said.

"Who will win?" he said.

"Ah, who?" said I.

"We will," he said. "We will win because of the inherent contradictions of capitalism. Poverty in the midst of plenty. Excess and want side by side. Pressure to buy luxuries instead of necessities. Waste as the cornerstone of the market and fashion as the key to obsolescence. Surplus production and no colonies to force it on. Paying people for not producing. Depression. War."

"I've read about it," I said.

"Where?" said my host.

"Marx," I said, "Karl, not Hart Schaffner."

"So?" said my host. "You read Marx there?"

"We read anything we want to," I said. "That's liberty."

"Ah, liberty," said my host. "You have ridden the 'L' train between East and West Berlin?" I nodded. "And seen the magazines and newspapers in the station kiosks?"

"Yes," I said. "In the East stations only the deadly dull magazines and papers, all of them saying the same thing. In the West every kind of magazine and paper, all of them saying different things."

"Oh, no," said my host, "in the West no Communist magazines or papers."

"That's true," I said, "but everything else."

"And they all say different things," said my host, "providing that they all say the same thing about capitalism. Only the magazines and newspapers that say something different about capitalism are forbidden."

"And in the East," I said, "only the magazines and papers that say something different about Communism."

"True," said my host, "so we are equal there. But also unforbidden by you liberty-loving capitalists are the magazines and papers of pornography and violence, and you may have noticed that these sell more than any others in the West station kiosks. But we Communists have moral standards, and we say that there is good and bad food for the mind, just as there is for the body, and we do not allow bad food for the mind to be circulated any more than you allow bad food for the body to be circulated."

My host was no chump, and neither was I.

"You talk peace in your country, too?" he said.

"Oh, yes," I said, and I showed him a letter from home, the stamp cancelled with the words, "Pray for Peace."

"Are these words effective?" he said. "Do they make people pray for peace?"

"I think not," I said, "although millions of Americans pray for peace. I think that these words are just American government propaganda to make Americans believe that their government wants peace, and I think that the peace propaganda in your countries is the same thing. And I think that the people are not fooled either in your countries or in ours. But in ours I can say this openly, and here—."

"Excuse me," he said hastily, "but I want to say something about peace propaganda in the socialist and capitalist worlds. In the socialist world we are poor countries whose people hunger for necessities. We can not produce all the civilian goods our people need. And we must produce armaments because of the world situation. But there is not one worker or soldier—not one—who believes that he would be unemployed in case of disarmament. There are a dozen civilian jobs waiting for everyone here, and everyone knows it.

"But," he continued, "our Marxist-Leninist doctrine teaches us that capitalist production without the possibility of colonial exploitation requires a war economy to prevent the shutdown of industry. We believe that dialectically, and we have proof of it historically. And we believe that in America and the other capitalist countries workers and soldiers and even farmers—and of course investors and owners—believe that their jobs or profits might be threatened by disarmament. If that is true in the West, then there could be a great difference in the effectiveness of our peace propaganda and yours. What do you think?"

A month later we were just off the boat, in Quebec, after a year-and-a-

half abroad. We met a Canadian government man. "No," he said, "the Prime Minister—" he was speaking of the Canadian Prime Minister—"had no choice. It was made perfectly clear to him that we either accepted your nuclear bases or lost our American military contracts. And we could not afford to lose the contracts. I am being perfectly frank with you, just between, you know, the two of us." "And the lamppost," I said.

The next day we hot-footed it to Burlington, Vermont, where I was scheduled to speak to a small, unselect audience at the university. It was Blackest Friday in Burlington. The Air Force had just announced the closing of its Burlington fighter base; a little outfit, with maybe 200 military to shop in the local stores and 100 to 150 local civilians employed on the base. But Burlington isn't a very big town, and the blow was a heavy one.

Congressman Bill Meyer of Vermont was right in the middle. Congressman Meyer is a disarmament man—not a disarmament-but man, like Stevenson, Symington, and the rest of the availables, but a disarmament man. Now he was getting a little disarmament in his own district, and his constituents were squealing like stuck pigs.

Congressman Meyer is not the kind of politician who happens to be out of town when it hurts to be in. He took to the radio and talked to the people of his district. Yes, he said, this was the kind of thing he had been fighting for, to get the murderous burden of armaments off the backs of the people. It was rough that it had to hit Vermont, and he wished that the Air Force had not taken the action so suddenly, but it had, and he wished that there was some kind of master employment plan to take care of disarmament, but there wasn't.

The next day we hit the highroad from the gloom of Burlington to the happier valleys where everybody still had war work. The aircraft industry, the fellow told us in Connecticut, was producing 90 per cent of its product for the military. "*Ninety?*" I said, "Ninety," said he. "You don't say so," I said, and away we sped through the happy valleys.

As the valleys grew happier, the automobiles grew longer, wider, and lower.

Dicken handed me an American magazine, the first, except *The Progressive,* I had seen in a year-and-a-half. "Glim it, man," said Dicken, "glim it."

It was an advertisement for the new Ford Falcon. There were some short words along with the picture, and the words said: "For greater safety and stability the engine has been placed in front." "Look at here," I said to Dicken, "when we left home *all* the engines were in front."

"In the meanwhile," said Dicken, "they put them in the back, and now they're putting them in the front again. Get hep, man, get hep."

That night we met an automotive finance man. "How's the automotive finance business?" I said. "Hot," said he, "hotter than the first six months of '29. Never saw anything like it. We're going to Florida for the winter, just to warm up our fingers enough to count it."

"Say," I said, "you remember that girl I wrote you about—the one that needs the money for college? I'm still looking for loans for her, in fifty-buck units. How's about it?"

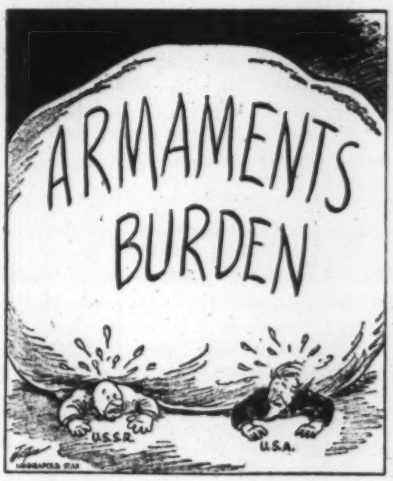
"The trouble is," he said, "everything I got is tied up, one way or another."

"You don't say," I said.

"They tell me you been to Hungary," he said. I thought that maybe he was changing the subject. "I been there," I said.

"How's business there?" he said.

"Which business?" I said. "Automotive finance?"



"Shall We Talk This Over?"

"Sure."

"There isn't any. But they've got some mighty pretty horses in Hungary."

"You don't say," he said.

The next morning we were toodling along the old Autobahn to New York. There were a lot of car dumps, full of new-model cars with fins. I talked to the dump man and said, "What do you do with 'em?"

"Leave 'em lay," he said.

"Lie," I said.

"Lay," he said.

"Don't you strip them any more?"

"Too much trouble," he said.

"Where do the new models all come from?"

"Man," he said, "That's the kind they kill themselves in. They love it."

"Never saw a car dump in Europe," I said.

"You been to Europe?"

"I been there," I said.

"No car dumps in Europe?"

"No car dumps in Europe."

"What do they do with their left-overs?"

"There aren't any left-overs," I said.

"Man," said the dump man.

In New York we saw one of those big juicy delicatessen sandwiches we used to get. It cost $1.50. A fellow we knew went to lunch with another fellow at the Four Seasons Restaurant, and the bill was $17.01, without soup, dessert, the tip, or a little something for the check girl. In one day of making speeches in New York we took in $290 netto, enough to keep 90.6 Communist Cambodians in rice for a year. The next day we left New York.

In Philadelphia that night the key didn't fit the door of our friend's apartment, and at midnight we had to start down the street with our baggage looking for a room. I asked a man if there was a good cheap room around. "The Barclay's on the corner," he said, "and the Warwick's a block further." I asked him which was the cheaper—only I said cheapest. "The Warwick," he said. At the Warwick the man had a room for us. "How much?" I said. "It's a twenty-five-dollar room," he said, "but I'll let you have it for twenty." Dicken whistled and said, "Eighty-six Swiss francs for a *room*." We kept on going.

In Chicago we saw red Kleenex for the first time, especially designed for hunters. In small print it said that the red ran when wet. We wiped our wet little noses on our sleeves and kept on going.

In Madison the fellow told us it would cost $42,000 to send the University of Wisconsin Band—not the Team, the Band—to the Rose Bowl. That's enough to keep 1,400 Laotian Communists, and no fractions, in rice for a year. We had a bowl of rice and kept on going.

In Dubuque I said, "How much on the bottle?"

"Nothin'," said the man.

"Ain't it worth nothin'?" I said.

"Naw," said the man.

We put the bottle in the suitcase and kept on going.

Coming into Fernley, Nevada, we saw a sign on a rock. It said: "Repent or Perish." On the next rock but one was a sign that said: "Get Lit at the Lighthouse Bar." We didn't repent or get lit. We kept on going.

In Reno I asked the gas station man what percentage of the *natives* of Reno played the games.

"The same percentage as the non-natives," he said.

"And what would that be?" I said.

"Ninety," said the man.

"Why," said I, "that's the same as the percentage of aircraft production for military purposes."

"You don't say," said the man.

"Do the natives think they're going to win?" I said.

"They know they're not," he said, "but they think they are."

"You don't say," I said. He gave me my Green Stamps, and we kept on going.

When we came into Carmel, California, where we live, the old Carmel Hill was gone. It had been bulldozed away, one hundred sixty acres of perfect pine, to make room for a new turnaround into Pebble Beach, where we don't live. We closed our eyes and kept on going.

We stopped at the postoffice and there was a letter for us. It began: "This letter is to advise you that the Postal Service has received foreign mail addressed to you consisting of certain publications which contain political propaganda as defined by the Foreign Agents Registration Act (22 U.S. Code 611-621)."

We thought it might be the European edition of the New York *Times*, which calls the Hungarian uprising of 1956 (which put the Communist Imre Nagy in power) "an anti-Communist uprising." But it wasn't.

We readdressed the letter to Big Brother, Moscow, and dropped it in the slot and kept on going.

And there was our little home. And right next door to our little home was the little home of Bill Brandon. One day—before we left for Europe—a man came to Bill Brandon's house and showed him an FBI badge and asked him if he knew me. Bill gave the man the back of his hand and said, "Like the back of my hand." The man wanted to know what Bill knew about me. "Not as much," said Bill, "as he knows about himself, and he's just baked a cake. I'll take you in the back door and introduce you to him." "Oh, no," said the man with the badge, and left. Bill had come loping over to tell me and I had called My Nearest FBI Office and My Nearest FBI Office said oh, no, there hadn't been anyone inquiring about me.

One (this one, at least) comes back to his own, his native land with foreboding. It isn't that he believes what they say in the Communist countries; nor has he accepted the picture of desperate decadence painted by the West European press, which panders to the anti-Americanism of its readers. What bodes fore is his sharp recollection that the old homeland was in pretty bad shape when he went away and, in his absence, and because of his absence, must have got worse.

Then there's the afterglow of far places, where one sees always the sunny side. I didn't see Spain or Hungary or Finland or Poland; I saw what my hosts, like good hosts everywhere, wanted me to see because they knew that that was what I wanted to see. If *you* read the words, "East Germany," you see a Communist dictatorship and heaven only knows what all else unpleasant, but if *I* read them I see a dark slab of marble in the floor of the Thomas Church in Leipzig on an August afternoon. On the slab are three words: JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. The doors of the church are open. There are shafts of sunlight and someone is playing Bach on the organ on which Bach once played Bach.

So it was, too, in Prague, the Golden City, and in Warsaw, where, when I asked, "But how did the ghetto come to be *before* the Nazis destroyed it?" the Pole replies, "Oh, they preferred to live together," and we went on to see the meticulous reconstruction of the city's lovely landmarks. So it was in Paris, the City of Love, where Algerians are frisked on the street and swept into the long French salad-baskets to be taken to the station and put to the test by torture. So it was in liberty-loving Germany, where Herr Globke, the official commentator of the Nuremberg Laws is Chancellor Adenauer's State Secretary, and in liberty-loving Switzerland, where women are not allowed to vote, and in liberty-loving Russia, where they're compelled to.

But these countries aren't *my* country. Their governments aren't *my* government. To live in beauty, and to live in it without responsibility for the unbeautiful, without even the necessity to see the unbeautiful, is to live (as the Germans used to say) like God in France. But to come back home, back to the Big PX, is to come back to responsibility, and to have to face or dodge it. This isn't tiny and tidy Denmark that runs like a toy. This is *my* country and *my* government, and I am its highest office-holder, with the sovereign title of Citizen. What *it* does it does because I tell it to—or fail to tell it not to.

That's different.

Now whoever has read the Great Books from Plato to Marx—and who, in the land of labor-saving machinery, has not had time to?—knows that it was not Marx but Plato who said, "Every city is two cities—a city of the rich and a city of the poor. And these two cities are always at war." My country is the city of the rich. To come back home to it from the city of the poor which is eastern Europe, and southern Europe, and Asia and Africa, is to be confronted by the vision of two children playing, and one of them says, "Now I'll be the

rich man and you'll be the poor man and we'll live next door and be friends."

"Who will win?" was what my Communist host asked me. We rich might win, but the odds are awful against us. The decisive battlefronts are—always and in every war—at home. We are just beginning to fight on two of them, the battlefronts of race and housing, and on these two fronts our advance in the past year-and-a-half has been magnificent. Peace, too, is busting out all over; in this year-and-a-half three actual peace men have been elected to public office, the first in our modern history: Congressmen Byron Johnson of Colorado, William Meyer of Vermont, and Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin. In a midwestern town I advocated recognition of China *and the local woman's Club applauded.* The country is ahead of the politicians—running away from them—and the Republicans are ahead of the Democrats.

We rich might win, but the odds are awful against us. We are half a century late getting started on the decisive battlefronts. And we are so sunk in profligacy that, like Machiavelli's fat lion against the lean wolf, we want only to be let alone. The mortal test will be disarmament: Will we then want our taxes reduced—or raised to pour socialistic investment into the city of the poor?

"We mean to hold what we have," said Winston Churchill twenty years ago. This is the War Aim of the rich. It is a serviceable War Aim only against invasion. Against attrition it is useless, and the city of the poor is staging a war of attrition. We will—we must—continue to be apathetic as long as we can think of no more glorious a War Aim than to hold what we have. The odds are awful against us.

The two worlds. It was the day after the 1948 Presidential election and I was coming down in the elevator of a hotel, and a fat lady in a fur coat said to the elevator man, "But everybody in the hotel voted for Dewey." "Not everybody, lady," said the elevator man. "Who didn't?" said the fat lady. "The people in the basement," said the elevator man, "and, lady, you got no-o-o idea how big the basement is in this hotel."

For The Aged

Insurance Against Misery

by AIME J. FORAND

TODAY WE ARE witnessing the greatest change in population age groups in America's history. These changing groups have created and will continue to create vast and complex social and economic problems. The most significant changes are occurring in the age group of 65 years and over. Present figures indicate that people over 65 now number fifteen and one-third million and that this figure is rising at the rate of one million every three years. One thousand persons a day are becoming 65 years old.

One of the more pressing problems confronting these people is in the field of hospital and medical care, where the basic question to be resolved is: how can medical needs be financed out of lower than average financial resources? For this particular group the socio-economic pendulum is swinging in both directions. The upswing is in the cost of medical and hospital services; the backstroke is the diminishing or static income of the retired.

Medical and hospital care today is the costliest it has ever been. The rising cost presents a lesser degree of difficulty to a working man or woman who is able to purchase insurance against most of these costs. The aged, however, in many instances are unable to purchase this insurance because of their advanced age and lower income.

The rising cost of medical care over the past decade has been felt by persons of all ages, but older people have larger than average medical care needs. As a group they use about two and one-half times as much general hospital care as do average persons under the age of 65. They also have greater need for long-term institutional care. Their incomes generally are considerably lower than those of the rest of the population, and in many cases are either fixed or declining in amount.

In a recent report the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare said: "The success of modern medicine in preventing epidemics and in curing or controlling diseases once usually fatal has brought chronic illness, particularly the illness of old age, to the fore as a health problem. In part, because of these new developments, older persons have greater need for hospital and other medical services than younger persons. They may require more elaborate types of care than younger persons and their recovery is likely to be slower."

The most startling revelation is that more than 80 per cent of these people assumed responsibility themselves for all the medical costs they incurred. I have found that persons in this age group were actually postponing and even doing without medical care solely because they did not have the necessary funds to meet the costs. Many who managed to save some money during their working years were literally wiped out by one illness.

As a result of these soaring costs of medical care and because of the inability of the aged to meet these costs, I introduced, in August of 1957, a bill, H.R. 9467, which died in com-

REPRESENTATIVE AIME FORAND, a Democratic Representative from Rhode Island, is leading the fight in the House for medical insurance for the nation's aged.

mittee when the 85th Congress adjourned. Early in 1959 I introduced a new bill, H.R. 4700, on which five days of public hearings were held by the House Committee on Ways and Means.

Basically, this bill provides insurance against the cost of hospital and surgical services for persons eligible for benefits under the Old Age and Survivors section of the Social Security program. Each eligible person would be insured against the cost of hospital care, including a semi-private room and all the hospital services, medical care, drugs, and appliances which the hospital customarily furnishes its bed patients. The insurance system would not pay the attending doctors' bills, except for surgical services. Skilled nursing home services would be covered if the patient is transferred to the nursing home from the hospital and if the services are for the same condition or one arising from that for which he received hospital care. The care in the nursing home could be extended so that up to 120 days of combined care would be provided in a 12-month period but only 60 days could be hospital care. The cost of surgical services would be paid while in the hospital, or in case of an emergency or for minor surgery, in the out-patient department of a hospital or in a doctor's office. Any person may freely select the surgeon of his choice. These are the basic provisions of my bill, designed to alleviate the highest cost factors to the patient.

The plan would be financed by increasing contribution rates of both employers and employees by one quarter of one per cent each, and of the self employed by three-eighths of one per cent.

I do not contend that my bill will be the panacea to the whole problem, but I believe it is a step in the right direction—relieving human miseries by providing insurance against the cost of hospital, nursing home care, and surgery.

The principals in the opposition corner are the American Medical Association, the American Hospital Association, the American Dental Association, and the insurance industry. Their major objections, as listed by the American Medical Association, are:

¶ The bill would eventually destroy private health insurance and the Blue-Shield, Blue-Cross plans.

¶ It could bankrupt the entire social security program and jeopardize the basic retirement incomes of all the people covered.

¶ The legislation is "socialistic" and the introduction of this principle would lead to national health insurance.

Many members of the medical profession seem keenly aware of the plight of the aged and are doing what they can, as individuals, to meet the need. Unfortunately, a majority of the doctors follow the dictates of the American Medical Association rather than their own conscience and have joined in a campaign to defeat my bill. When representatives of the American Medical Association appeared before the Ways and Means Committee in 1958 they did not agree with the advocates of my bill as to the nature and extent of the problem, nor as to the means of solving it. Since the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare released a report in April 1959, underscoring the need for help in this area and stressing the needs of these older people in the field of health, the cry then shifted to socialism and quality of health care.

In the first hearings on this measure in 1958, I pointed out that almost four million dollars was spent in ten years in the A.M.A. lobbying operation and that the approach was one of abhorrence of the provisions of my bill, rather than an approach of concern and constructive analysis. I told the A.M.A. representatives, honorable men themselves, that I wanted—and needed—their help to meet this problem.

In July, 1959, the Committee on Ways and Means again held hearings on this bill. To my utter dismay I found that 38 state medical societies testified at the hearings without one offering a possible solution to the problem. It would have saved much Committee time had they registered their disapproval of this measure and let it go at that. Instead, they all appeared with full manuscript as though they were separate and distinct entities and not part and parcel of their parent organization, the A.M.A. Their testimony was both apologetic and vindictive. One doctor told the Committee that this legislation was not only "socialistic" but pure communism. These are certainly not the expressions of dedicated men sincerely searching for a solution to a knotty problem, but rather they echo desperation and vilification.

At these same hearings the A.M.A. repeated its stand of the previous year, again without an offer of an alternate proposal or even a possible remedial suggestion. Instead the Association argued that the job should be left to the insurance companies.

It is enlightening to note that from the hearings in 1958 to the present, the A.M.A. has been busy. It launched a campaign to discredit the proposal and to minimize the need for some plan for the aged. Immediately after the 1958 hearings the A.M.A. hired public relations men and also a public relations firm to devote their entire energy to the defeat of the Forand Bill. A questionnaire was sent to physicians in every Congressional district. Some of the questions were:

Who is the person or persons in each ward or county in the Congressional district who is most influential with the Congressman?

Who are the principal contributors to his campaign?

Who is the Congressman's personal physician? At home? In Washington?

What contacts does the medical profession have or who knows the Congressman's top secretariat on his Washington staff?

There were fifteen such questions, attempting to achieve through pressure and intimidation what they had not been able to accomplish at the hearings—an attempt to do indirectly what they were not able to do directly. Had they spent as much energy in looking for a solution to the problem as they did to defeat my bill, I am quite sure they would have been of greater service to the people of America.

Literature started pouring out of A.M.A. headquarters with inaccurate cost figures and statistics. This was distributed to every member of the American Medical Association. These pamphlets and booklets have appropriate titles suitable to their propaganda purposes. One such booklet is entitled "The Pill That Could Change America." This 28-page booklet is supposedly a review of socialized medicine in the world today. This account has been written with no particular authoritative source.

Despite the pressure put on the American Hospital Association to change its prepared statement, Frank S. Groner, representing the A.H.A., told the Ways and Means Committee, "It is believed that every realistic effort should be made to meet the hospital needs of the retired aged promptly through mechanisms utilizing existing systems of voluntary prepayment. It is conceivable, however, that the use of social security to provide the mechanism to assist in the solution of problems of financing these needs may be necessary ultimately."

In our form of government, opposition is encouraged to bring a problem into proper perspective and to eliminate any impassioned appeal beyond reason or practicability. I cannot sincerely say the A.M.A. was acting bona fide in its pressure, propaganda, and distortions. If the Association, whose members hold the key to the health of our nation, refuses to look the problem in the eye, without cries of socialism and other diversionary tactics, then I contend that the federal government should step in and assist in providing for the general health and welfare.

In view of the antagonistic attitude of the A.M.A., I am happy to report that many individual doctors have written to me endorsing the principle of my bill and stating that although they belong to the A.M.A., the A.M.A. does not represent their views or speak for them.

The argument is made that private insurance companies have made great strides in the voluntary health contracts. It is true that many people today are able to buy better health insurance than at any previous time. However, these policies are usually offered to that segment of the population under the age of 65 or even 60. Private insurance hesitates to tackle the problem of insuring the aged today because it cannot be met economically. The basic difficulty private insurance companies face, in computing a hospital medical plan for the aged, is that this group is the high-risk, high-cost element. The cost of a reasonable plan would be higher than the average aged person can afford. Limited protection leaves the problem virtually unsolved. Because of the millions of persons now covered under the social security system, the federal government is in a better position to distribute the cost burden over a broader area and in a more equitable manner. The OASDI mechanism provides a ready and equitable method of spreading the cost of hospital care for the aged over the entire working population and at the same time providing them with more extensive and adequate protection than is available through private insurance. The social security vehicle is administratively set up and, in the normal course of bookkeeping procedure, can work well in this program.

Some insurance firms are now selling health and accident plans designed for the aged. One such company advertised, for a limited time, its "Senior Security Policy." This provided for the payment of $10 per day up to 60 days of confinement (not less than five days), $5 per day for 55 days of confinement in a convalescent or nursing home. Surgical benefits were offered from a conservative schedule in the policy. This policy sold for $8.50 per person, per month. Another company has offered a policy with essentially the same benefits at the cost of $6 per person, per month.

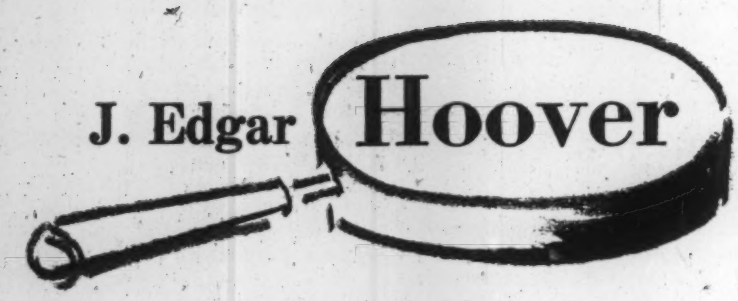
These companies are to be commended for their sincere attempt to meet the problem of the aged. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that these policies are limited and do not cover the expanded scope of the needs of the aged. Perhaps $10 would have been sufficient for a hospital room in 1940, but since the war years hospital costs have risen 400 per cent. The coverage offered under these policies is in the experimental stage, and the natural conservatism of the industry is holding the benefits down to a minimum. The possibility always exists that, when it is found financially unwise to issue this type of policy, the companies will decline to renew, in one sweeping motion, the whole series of this type of insurance.

The cost of these policies, small as they may appear, are prohibitive to the vast majority of the aged who are living on social security pensions or other fixed income. What happens to those persons who are unable to meet even the insurance rates of the existing health policies is a source of immediate concern to us.

The entire insurance industry has been helpful in supplying the Committee with valuable information on the utilization of insurance by the aged and with candid opinion on how the problem can be better resolved. In addressing this insurance industry, which supplies 90 per cent of the voluntary health insurance in the United States and Canada, I said, "I want the help of all who are interested in this great problem of ours. I want the help of everybody to find a solution and if the insurance companies can provide it, fine."

The problem of the health of the aged is one that should command the attention and consideration of all of us. A solution must be found. I believe that my bill H.R. 4700 provides that solution; until a better one is offered, I shall continue to press for its enactment.

J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI



This is the third and last of a series of articles on J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI. The articles are adapted from a 12-part presentation recently published by the New York Post *with the assistance of staff members William Dufty, Daniel Gelman, Edward Kosner, Irving Lieberman, Carl J. Pelleck, and Joseph Barry.*—THE EDITORS.

REPRESENTATIVE J. Parnell Thomas, New Jersey Republican: "The Chair wishes to express for the Committee our deep appreciation for your acceptance of our invitation to come here today . . ."

Representative Mundt, South Dakota Republican: "I have read all of your speeches and articles on this subject . . . and I have profited from them all, but I think that today you have made the most masterful and conclusive statement of your career . . ."

Representative McDowell, Pennsylvania Republican: "Mr. Chairman, I merely want to compliment this great American public servant for a very substantial contribution to good government. Thank you, sir."

Representative Bonner, North Carolina Democrat: "I am very proud of your record. I admire you personally as a man, and I appreciate the great service you have rendered and are rendering to this country."

The Chair: "We deeply appreciate your coming here today, and we certainly hope that it has not interfered with your work."

The witness stepped down. J. Edgar Hoover had completed a spellbinding lecture on the Communist—he pronounced it "commonist"—menace. The date was March 26, 1947, and the auditors were the members of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Hoover has seldom failed to win the approval of Appropriations Committee members. He has evoked armies of underworld thugs armed with new and terrifying weapons (1936), public enemies (1939), and juvenile delinquents (1943). Then Communist spies (1950), 14,000 dangerous Reds who would be jailed immediately in the event of war with Russia (1951), and enemy espionage rings (1953).

And his appropriations have mounted accordingly. In 1924, when he took over, the FBI got $2,242,240. By 1939, it got a modest $6,643,778. The war caused it to add on and the Cold War caused it to multiply. For the fiscal year 1951, it got $57,400,000. Hoover's appropriation for 1959 was $102,500,000.

Since that first presentation on the subject in 1947, Hoover has kept Senate and House alert to fluctuations in the Communist Party line and to the recession in its membership rolls. Thus:

¶ By 1950, he testified, membership had fallen to 54,000 and the Reds had gone underground in order to foil the FBI.

¶ In 1951, he said membership was down to 43,217 and that the claim that the party had 10 fellow travelers for every card-holding member was no longer valid. The figure, he said, was more like six or seven to one.

¶ By 1953, the party had sunk to 24,976 members and the following year he reported that despite harassment, Communists had become so wily that it took nine or ten agents to do a tailing job that once took one man.

¶ In 1956, he predicted party members would re-emerge to exploit the "Geneva spirit." He put membership that year at 22,280 hard-core Reds. But there was a suggestion in his testimony that perhaps the Party had made some gains. Hoover used the ten to one ratio again for the number of fellow-travelers, Americans who were playing the Communist game.

¶ But when he came to the 1959 budget, Hoover abruptly ceased giving any figures on party membership. By that time there were authoritative indications that the arithmetic would have seemed rather grotesque. John Gates, resigning from the editorship of the *Daily Worker* and quitting the Communist Party, had said there were no more than 7,000 party members left as a result of the discords and disenchantments of recent years.

Hoover found himself in the position of a man steadfastly asserting that the Communist peril was greater, and the need for funds to combat it larger, each time that he was

obliged to concede that the party had grown smaller. Clearly there was a limit to this inverse law of danger; it was almost as if he were saying that the Communist threat would be most formidable when there were only a dozen of them left.

So this time, at least so far as the record is concerned, he omitted the numbers, simply observing ominously: "I cannot emphasize too strongly that the numerical strength of the Communist Party means nothing."

Nobody argued the point.

Hoover Becomes 'The Most Powerful Figure on Capitol Hill'

Hoover hasn't been exactly eager to go before committees that don't hold his Bureau's purse strings.

In 1941, declining a request from the House Military Affairs Committee to testify in its investigation of Communist influence in strikes against defense industries, he insisted that he never appeared before Congressional committees except on appropriations, and then only for testimony on the FBI budget.

In 1944, subpenaed by a special House committee investigating the FCC, he declined to answer almost every question on the grounds that a written directive from President Roosevelt barred him from discussing any question relating to national security.

In 1953, he turned down two requests from the Senate Internal Security subcommittee and then agreed to appear before it. It became his most impressive appearance on the stand. He emerged from the Senate's marble-columned caucus room that hectic autumn day, as James Reston of the New York *Times* put it, "probably the most powerful figure on Capitol Hill."

The Harry Dexter White case had become a huge political issue, so momentous that the matter of White's alleged links to the Communists actually became irrelevant to the issue of whether his case had been properly handled.

The new Eisenhower Administration's Attorney General, Herbert Brownell, Jr., Hoover's titular chief, had got the ball rolling in a speech to an advertising men's club in Chicago two weeks before. "Harry Dexter White," Brownell charged, "was known to be a Communist spy by the very people who appointed him to the most sensitive and important position he ever held in government service. . . ."

"The very people," of course, was Harry Truman, who first denied knowledge of two FBI reports on White, then said he'd "fired" White on learning he was "disloyal." Then Truman's aides leaked the story that White was deliberately allowed to take over the International Monetary Fund so that he could be watched more carefully. The aides said the FBI and Attorney General Tom Clark were in on the decision.

Then, in a nationally televised speech, Truman made a personal reply to Brownell. "The course we took," he said, "protected the public interest and security and, at the same time, permitted the intensive FBI investigation then in progress to go forward."

The following day, Hoover testified. Applause broke out as the crowd in the packed Senate caucus room recognized him. Television and newsreel cameras trained on him as he settled into the witness chair.

"At no time," he testified, "was the FBI a party to an agreement to promote Harry Dexter White and at no time did the FBI give its approval to such an agreement."

Both Truman and Brownell had engaged in partisan struggle over what had become a crucial political struggle.

It was one of the rare interludes when Hoover overtly threw his weight into a political fray, abandoning the above-the-battle stance which he has long cultivated. (In the 1954 campaign movies of his performance on Capitol Hill were exhibited by the Republican National Committee without any sign of dissent from the FBI.)

Amid all the controversy, little note was taken of a serious inconsistency in his testimony.

"We do not express opinions or draw conclusions in our investigative reports," he had testified, referring to the reports on Harry Dexter White. Hoover has repeatedly insisted that the FBI does not "evaluate" the data its agents assemble.

"I was at the meeting to furnish facts," he said, "which I did."

Then, still on the stand, he said, "I told the Attorney General I felt it was unwise for White to serve."

Dual Duties of the FBI Get the Bureau Into Trouble

For more than 20 years there have been—in reality if not in form—two FBIs.

The original Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice—renamed the FBI in 1934—was created with the grudging consent of Congress in 1909; the second FBI was created by a secret handwritten memo by Franklin D. Roosevelt in the fall of 1936. It was F.D.R. who gave J. Edgar Hoover the most sweeping secret powers ever handed to a police chief in this country; Roosevelt died before he could act on a proposal by leading figures in the government to take those powers away.

"I want you to do a job for me and it must be confidential," Hoover recalls F.D.R. telling him. The President wondered if there were some way by which he could obtain a broad *intelligence* picture of Communist and Fascist activities in relation to the economic and political life of the country.

"Roosevelt discussed the international character of communism and fascism. He didn't like reports that Constantine Oumansky [counsellor for the Soviet Embassy] had been running around the country . . . the State Department had a right and duty to know what was going on . . . [F.D.R.] said he wanted the matter to be handled confidentially . . . The FBI should coordinate this intelligence investigation with the War Department's Military Intelligence Division, the Office of Naval Intelligence and the State Department . . . The investigation was to be for intelligence purposes only, and not the type of investigation required for collecting evidence to be presented to a court."

The FBI Director returned to his office to send out the following personal and confidential instructions to his special agents in charge:

"The Bureau desires to obtain from all possible sources information concerning subversive activities being conducted in the U.S. by Communists, Fascists, and representatives of other organizations or groups advocating the overthrow or replacement

of the government of the United States by illegal methods . . ."

And that's how subversive activities, counter-intelligence, *and* "the radical situation" came to be under the aegis of the FBI.

Within months, the dual chores of the FBI were to get Hoover and the Bureau into hot water. Some of the most conspicuous FBI failures can be traced to the fact that the Bureau had two distinct responsibilities and that the intelligence investigations of one were triggered into criminal prosecutions by the other.

In September, 1938, after an alert driver for a dry cleaning firm had discovered suspicious documents in the pockets of a Soviet attache in Los Angeles, U.S.S.R. official Mikhail Gorin and an accomplice were arrested by the FBI and convicted of espionage. The FBI put Soviet travel agency officials around the country under steady surveillance. One of them was Jacob Golos, Gorin's opposite number in New York, director of World Tourists Inc. But Golos wasn't simply placed under surveillance; he was summoned 20 times before a grand jury, tons of his official files were carted off for examination, and finally, on January 1, 1940, charges of military espionage were lodged against him.

The FBI's case against Golos, the Bureau has since conceded, was not as watertight as that which developed from the driver's discovery in Los Angeles. Golos was never indicted for espionage. He pleaded guilty to a charge of failing to register as a foreign agent, was fined $500 and placed on probation.

Until his death in 1943, and while under what was later termed "intermittent" surveillance, Golos lived with Soviet courier Elizabeth Bentley and helped recruit other spies and couriers—including Harry Gold and Julius Rosenberg, convicted 10 years later for supplying atomic secrets to the Soviets.

Only this year, in rebutting criticism of the FBI's failure to penetrate and head off the Golos-Bentley espionage operation, a Bureau spokesman made a rare comment on Golos: "As of 1940, the FBI had no information that could serve as a basis for his arrest as a spy."

This is a good answer for one FBI; it is no answer at all for the other FBI—the secret agency engaged in intelligence and counter-intelligence. It was Hoover himself who explained the difference before a Senate committee in 1950:

"In an espionage case the identification of the wrongdoer is only the first step. What is more important is to ascertain his contacts, his objectives, his sources of information and his methods of communication. Arrest and public disclosure are steps to be taken only as a matter of last resort. It is better to know who these people are and what they are doing, and to immobilize their efforts, than it is to expose them publicly and then go through the tireless effort of identifying their successors."

In 1938, the FBI conducted a secret *intelligence* investigation in Detroit of the Communist-led recruiting service for the Spanish Loyalist armies. In February, 1940, when the Spanish war was over and the international political picture totally changed by the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the FBI, now *police* and not *counter-spies*, made a spectacular early-morning roundup of a dozen Detroit Communists.

Fully publicized, the arrests produced an uproar in Congress and in the press. Senator George W. Norris, Nebraska Republican, blasted Hoover and called him "the greatest hound for publicity on the American continent today." The controversy became so heated that Attorney General Jackson ordered an investigation of the entire roundup and, on February 16, ordered the indictments quashed. The furor didn't die down until the following year.

Roosevelt Whittles Hoover 'Down to Size of No. 1 Cop'

Simultaneously with the uproar over Detroit, Hoover personally announced the arrests of 17 Christian Fronters in New York for plotting the overthrow of the government. Hoover said he would have preferred catching the plotters in an overt act but the early arrests were necessary to head off a bomb plot.

When the case came to trial in April, 1940, however, the FBI's case collapsed piece by piece. The FBI's chief witness turned out to be more an *agent provocateur* than a bystander-informant. Most of the defendants were acquitted; charges against the others were dropped.

And so, after the first months of 1940, President Roosevelt and Attorney General Jackson began to have some sober second thoughts about the ability of Hoover's FBI to help meet the wartime challenge. The reappraisal resulted in an unprecedented attempt to trim the FBI powers.

This is the way John O'Donnell reported the President's decision in the New York *Daily News* of April 29, 1940:

"President Roosevelt whittled J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the G-men, down to size of a number one cop today.

"Gently but firmly, the much-publicized Federal Bureau of Investigation has been stripped of its power to make so much as a single arrest on any complaint involving espionage, treason, sedition, foreign enlist-

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ment, sabotage and the hundred and one Foreign Agent charges that sprout in periods of war hysteria.

". . . A Neutrality Law Unit [has] been set up to handle all wartime offenses . . . Hoover not only loses his former power but is protected from charges that he is evolving into the American equivalent of the Gestapo . . ."

Courts Slap the FBI For Illegal Procedures

The story of the FBI's wartime operations—as reported by author Don Whitehead and others who have been given access to the FBI archives—is an uninterrupted success story.

It has been challenged at several points by rival government agencies and officials—the Federal Communications Commission, the Office of Strategic Services, and military and naval intelligence agencies—which had wartime jurisdictional run-ins with the Bureau.

In wartime, the FBI was specifically charged with responsibility for the internal security of the continental U.S. and with counter-intelligence operations in the entire Western Hemisphere.

Near the close of the war, Hoover's FBI lost jurisdiction over intelligence in South America and its operations were confined to the continental U.S. But still, there were two FBIs, and in the postwar period, as in 1940, the most spectacular FBI failures came to pass when one FBI's intelligence investigations got intertwined with prosecutions by the other. The chain of events which Hoover says was the most damaging to the prestige of the FBI in modern times began when an intelligence investigation of Judith Coplon, employed in the Justice Department's Foreign Agents Registration Section, was triggered into her arrest for espionage 10 years ago.

Suspecting that Miss Coplon was serving a Soviet espionage ring, the FBI took a big gamble. It took her into custody without a warrant and questioned her at length in the hope that she would cooperate and disclose other members of the ring so that they could be kept under surveillance.

The gamble didn't pay off. Miss Coplon insisted on her innocence and refused to confess or name accomplices. In her oficial duties, she had had access to FBI files. In her purse at the time of her arrest, the FBI found data from its files copied in her own handwriting.

This was profoundly embarrassing to the Justice Department and to the FBI. At least three times since she'd been hired in 1943, Miss Coplon had survived extensive loyalty and security checks. Her arrest would raise questions as to the effectiveness of the whole loyalty-security apparatus.

Having gambled as an intelligence agency—and lost—the FBI had no choice but to gamble again. Miss Coplon and the Soviet's U.N. attache, Valentin Gubitchev, were kept in custody, charged with espionage, and their cases went before grand juries in Washington (where she had filched the FBI files) and in New York (where she had attempted to pass them on to Gubitchev).

Attorney General Clark tried to make the best of the situation by announcing that Miss Coplon had been trapped as a result of the loyalty-security investigation. (The following year, however, the chief of the Truman Administration's loyalty program, Seth Richardson, testified that the loyalty-security apparatus had disclosed "not one single case or evidence directing toward a case of espionage.")

And when the Coplon case came up for trial, FBI troubles multiplied.

Government prosecutors insisted that secret FBI files—which Miss Coplon had copied and taken in her handbag—should not be disclosed in the interests of national security. Federal Judge Reeves ruled that the authenticity of the copies could not be established unless the originals were produced in court and that the espionage charges depended on what the copied files contained.

Thus the FBI files were divulged in open court. One was the secret report of a special agent to whom an informant had reported that his child had seen their neighbor walking around unclothed in his own home. The report cast embarrassing doubts on the whole character of "raw" FBI dossiers.

Miss Coplon's conviction on the New York charges was unanimously reversed by the U.S. Court of Appeals on the grounds that her arrest by FBI agents without a warrant was illegal.

The New York trial also produced disclosures that the FBI had taken extensive wire-tap recordings of Miss Coplon in telephone conversation with her lawyer during the course of her earlier trial in Washington. Orders had been issued in Washington to destroy the wire-tap records and—as is perfectly proper for a secret counter-intelligence agency but not for a police agency—to destroy the printed form authorizing their destruction.

Here again, somebody goofed. The secret form was not destroyed and Miss Coplon was thus handed grounds for appealing the Washington conviction. Eventually the court remanded this conviction to the lower courts for another hearing.

Hoover Reveals Split Personality In Pursuing Civil Rights Cases

Once upon a time not too many years ago Westbrook Pegler turned his typewriter on J. Edgar Hoover.

His charge was that Hoover was guilty of meddling in the internal affairs of local police departments by invoking the "dead-letter" civil rights statute of 1866 against cops who pushed people (most often Negroes) around.

"There is a movement afoot, in which the FBI has become an accomplice, to discredit the police authority of the states and cities by harassing individual policemen with 'investigations' and lawsuits for enormous 'damages,'" Pegler wrote in August, 1953.

"This new development in the unremitting campaign to inflame one [group] against another, especially Negroes against white policemen, is the doing of private organizations professing to promote 'brotherhood.' . . .

"The FBI has let itself be drawn into the mess through a mistaken obedience to the political agitation which was maintained for years by the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations."

If Hoover were the man that some of his liberal admirers think he is, one might assume that he would have welcomed this attack. It was, after all, a form of rebuttal to the recurrent charge that he and the Bureau

were frequently lacking in diligence and passion in enforcing the civil rights statute.

But six days after the column appeared, the FBI had pleaded for Pegler's mercy. Pegler wrote:

"I have received word through a reliable medium that the FBI is acting under special orders to invoke this [civil rights] law . . .

"My informant, whose services were invoked because the FBI is muzzled by politics, tells me that the FBI feels that the criticism for this sudden revival of the Civil Rights law should be directed at the Attorney General, Mr. Brownell as of now, and at his recent predecessors, under Truman.

"The communication which has reached me has it that the FBI is doing this dirty work reluctantly and would be glad to use the manpower involved in its anti-Communist work which is now a very urgent concern. But if J. Edgar Hoover should say that he would be in great trouble."

Pegler was not entirely mollified by the disclaimer; he reiterated his charges and concluded:

"The FBI is a cat's paw for the Civil Liberties Union, ADA, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in this situation. My intermediary tells me it greatly abhors this nasty political duty."

The FBI's record in civil rights cases remains a matter of controversy. There are both achievements and failures. Yet in the light of the Pegler episode the nagging questions remain. Does the top G-man regard the protection of civil rights as "dirty work" forced upon him by political expediencies? Does he "abhor" this "nasty political duty"?

We should like to have asked him but he declined to grant us an audience.

In his celebrated speech to the American Legion in September of 1957, J. Edgar Hoover warned against the folly of "technical rather than logical interpretation of the law" which permits subversives to run loose and threaten the security of the nation.

Coming from the nation's leading law enforcement official, his remarks were headlined as a bold criticism of the Supreme Court's decision in the Jencks case, which Congress had virtually overridden with new legislation only a few days before.

Ironically, the most spectacular challenge to the United States government in recent years—Governor Faubus' revolt against the court-ordered admission of Negro students to Little Rock's Central High School—also took place in September of 1957. And, though Little Rock was swarming with FBI agents, the ringleaders of the riot went unindicted and untried in large part apparently because of a "technical rather than logical" interpretation of the law.

If the FBI has run into trouble because of conflicts between two areas of responsibility—counter-intelligence and police work—it has managed to stay out of trouble because of them, too. As far as its police work is concerned, the question is inevitably *jurisdiction*. Does it have clear jurisdiction; does it have *possible* jurisdiction; in any given case, does it *want* jurisdiction? When is that jurisdiction "technical," when is it "logical," and when is it merely convenient? Finally, when is the decision on jurisdiction an FBI decision, a Justice Department decision, or a decision by a higher authority than both?

When Faubus mobilized the Arkansas National Guard to block the admission of Negro students, Hoover moved swiftly to beef up the Little Rock office of the FBI. In the face of a U.S. District Court order, Faubus withdrew his troops, but FBI reinforcements continued to pour in. They arrived in such numbers that the Sam Peck Hotel, across the street from the Federal Building, had to evict newspaper men to make room for FBI men.

Yet all the while, the FBI insisted it had no jurisdiction.

When the federal court ordered that the Negro students be admitted to the high school on Monday morning, September 23, it was assumed the dozens of FBI men would be assigned to patrol and observe the area around the school building. But on the eve of the anticipated mob violence, FBI agents told reporters on the scene that they had been ordered by the Director in Washington not to leave their office.

Thus, when the mob gathered to howl its defiance of the Supreme Court decision and the orders of the District Court, the small army of FBI men remained sequestered in the Federal Building, more than a mile from the scene.

Bureau officials again insisted the FBI had no jurisdiction; since no overt acts had so far been committed, the federal courts had not issued injunctions against individuals by name and the FBI men were without power to arrest them.

After the riot, the FBI's public position of non-intervention suddenly changed. The special agents left their office and began a vigorous search

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The Progressive Madison, Wisconsin

for the identity of the mob's leaders. Had they shown up the day of the riot—even as observers—they would have had little trouble identifying the leaders. But, having missed the violence, they were reduced to the job of interviewing the reporters who were there.

Still, they were making some headway when Faubus boldly blasted Hoover in public and accused his agents of holding high school girls incommunicado for hours. (They had questioned one teenage segregationist for two hours.)

FBI Abandons Little Rock Mob To Go After Governor Faubus

Hoover struck back, calling Faubus a liar and sending new instructions to his men, according to the word his agents passed on to reporters at the scene: stop concentrating on the mob leaders and start looking into the feasibility of conspiracy charges against Faubus.

Platoons of agents began working day and night to pin down the conspiracy charges. A federal grand jury was impaneled. But the agents apparently failed to get a case against Faubus or against anyone else—and the grand jury failed to indict. Meanwhile, the trail to the mob leaders had cooled. Three months later the costly venture was abandoned and the FBI forces were dispersed.

After the bombing of synagogues in Jacksonville and Miami last year, the mayors of both citites appealed to the FBI for help in the kind of coordinated effort which J. Edgar Hoover has since claimed can curb the violence. Both mayors were told that the FBI had no jurisdiction. The FBI even refused to mastermind the work of local police, the mayors said, and turn over their leads to local prosecutors. Both mayors were given to understand the agents were following Hoover's orders.

When the two-year epidemic of Southern bombings reached a climax shortly before the 1958 elections with the dynamiting of an Atlantic synagogue, President Eisenhower departed from the prepared text of a speech in New York to denounce the violence and announce that he was going to ask the FBI to investigate. His gesture accomplished what the two mayors could not; Hoover ordered the FBI to move in.

In his January, 1959, testimony before the House Appropriations Committee, released on May 10 this year, the 35th anniversary of his appointment as Director of the FBI, Hoover reported a national box score of 108 bombings or attempted bombings "having a racial or religious aspect" since January 1, 1957. Twelve incidents involved schools and 16 involved churches or synagogues, he testified.

"I believe that these outrages can be materially curbed," the FBI chief said, "by a coordinated effort on the part of federal, state, and local law enforcement agencies, by stern treatment of the perpetrators and by an aroused public opinion." The report failed, however, to mention any bombing which had been solved or any perpetrators who had been punished, by coordinated efforts or otherwise.

Unquestionably, the Bureau can do a job in the South when it wants to—with or without jurisdiction. When Mack Charles Parker, the 23-year-old Negro accused of raping a white woman, was dragged from the county jail in Poplarville, Mississippi, last April, the FBI quickly entered the case at the request of Governor Coleman.

There were two possible justifications for FBI intervention: (1) Parker might have been taken across a state line in violation of the federal kidnaping statute; or (2) state officials might have participated in the "conspiracy" to deprive Parker of his constitutional rights under the Fourteenth Amendment.

After an intensive, month-long FBI investigation of the case, the Justice Department announced the Bureau had no jurisdiction. The Bureau withdrew. Then, as the clamor over the FBI "pull-out" grew, the FBI turned over its report, reportedly naming the lynchers, to Governor Coleman.

Stories that could have been based only on FBI material were leaked to reporters in Washington by "high government officials" and "authoritative sources." The stories included a timetable of the lynching and clearly indicated that the Bureau wanted it known that it had cracked the case.

The Parker case has caused some NAACP officials, including Clarence Mitchell, to modify their thinking on the FBI's role in more recent civil rights cases: "I'm satisfied they found the lynchers and that they were ready—in fact, would have been delighted—to arrest them," says Mitchell. "But the FBI was stopped by an administrative decision within the Justice Department."

The G-Men and Their Chief Are Defended by Civil Libertarians

The American Civil Liberties Union has several times come to Hoover's defense. In 1952 it replied to a charge by Governor Fine of Pennsylvania that the G-Men, by investigating treatment of prisoners in state institutions, were encroaching on police powers of the states.

". . . We are at a loss to understand why the FBI, which, overall, has made an excellent record of enforcing these constitutional rights, should be the subject of such an attack," the ACLU wrote, "especially as your speech indicated no criticism of the FBI's investigative procedures, but emphasized opposition to its coming on to the scene at all."

Perhaps the most comprehensive appraisal of the FBI from the ACLU point of view comes in a formal statement to us from Roger Baldwin, its founder and executive director for 30 years:

"If I were asked to produce evidence of transgression of citizens' rights by the FBI, I could cite only scattered cases. I had the assurance of Edgar Hoover personally years ago that he would at once discipline any agent proved to violate the rights of any citizen. I was never able to submit a case which stood up. I have no doubt there are such cases; it would be inconceivable that so large a force did not display either ignorance or disregard of rights in their zeal to get evidence.

"The major complaint we defenders of civil rights bring concerns not the lawlessness of the FBI but its lawful functions. Congress has imposed on it functions which in our view no police agency of government should possess. It investigates the consciences of men of draft age opposed to participation in war, requiring delicate judgments and offensive inquiries among neighbors and friends. A non-

police agency should do that job. It investigates the political opinions and associations of public employes and private citizens to determine political heresy. It operates on the basis of the preposterous list of subversive organizations, over 300 of them, drawn up by the Attorney General (the FBI in fact, of course). The wide network of suspicion created by these inquiries strikes at the freedom of citizens to think, talk, print and associate. These rights are basic to a democracy. Yet Congress has directed the FBI to attack these rights in the name of a spurious security."

Whatever else the record may show, it is no inconsiderable achievement for a government official to have held the hand of Joseph R. McCarthy without provoking the all-out assault of men who have devoted their lives to the battle for civil liberties.

Near the end of August, 1953, McCarthy was riding high. His financial shenanigans were about to be whitewashed by the Justice Department. Attorney General Brownell was soon to deliver his own "years of treason" assault on Harry Truman, enthroning McCarthyism as official Administration doctrine.

At that moment of McCarthy's climactic glory, FBI director J. Edgar Hoover publicly jumped on the bandwagon of frenzy.

Heretofore he had prudently avoided any overt commitment. There had been repeated intimations of behind-the-scenes collaboration between the FBI and agents of the McCarthy committee and strong signs that the "sacred" FBI files were quietly available to McCarthy's men. But on the public record Hoover had remained above the battle.

Now, during a vacation interlude at La Jolla, California, Hoover finally spoke out.

"I've come to know him [McCarthy] well, officially and personally. I view him as a friend and believe he so views me. Certainly he is a controversial man. He is earnest and he is honest. He has enemies. Whenever you attack subversives of any kind, Communists, Fascist, or Ku Klux Klan, you are going to be the victim of the most vicious criticism that can be made. I know. But sometimes a knock is a boost. When certain elements cease their attacks on me, I'll know I'm slipping. McCarthy is an ex-Marine. He was an amateur boxer. He's Irish. Combine those and you're going to have a vigorous individual who is not going to be pushed around."

There was only one cautious note in Hoover's eulogy:

"I am not passing on the techniques of McCarthy's committee or other Senate committees. That's the Senators' responsibility. But the investigative committees do a valuable job. They have subpena rights without which some vital investigations could not be accomplished."

If Hoover was withholding judgment on McCarthy's "techniques," he was clearly passing judgment on McCarthy's critics. With this interview he blasted the fiction of neutrality he had so long sustained during the McCarthy controversy and in effect supported the Senator's view that opposition to his works was a symptom of subversion.

Now McCarthy is gone; but Hoover still maintains an apparently warm association with Clint Murchison, the Texas oil millionaire who was once one of McCarthy's most dedicated fans.

The Days of Poking Fun At Hoover's 'Campus Cops' Are Gone

It is strange, on an afternoon late in 1959, to read through yellowed accounts of the Thirties before Hoover or his G-men were old enough to become an institution, and to find so many harsh, brash, irreverent voices raised in criticism—and even ridicule.

More than one magazine article of that period, for instance, notes disapprovingly the credit-snatching, press-agentry and even "illegal" maneuvers by the G-men. Writers took note of the "grisly" comic strips, radio programs and movies celebrating and glamorizing the adventures of the G-men with semi-official sanction from the Bureau. Even the New York *Daily News*, in 1936, was attacking Hoover for his absorption with white slavery cases, and as late as 1940 it was warning editorially:

"If Congress doesn't want an American OGPU, Congress had better ask itself whether it hasn't been giving Mr. Hoover too much money.

"The Attorney General is his rightful boss. We think it is time for the Attorney General to lay down the law to Mr. Hoover, by telling him how far he may and may not go in his ideas of what constitutes real crime and in his methods of fighting real crime."

That same year, Westbrook Pegler accused Hoover of assembling dossiers, tape recordings, and movies on the activities of Washington officials. He called Hoover a "nightclub fly-cop."

In 1938, *Editor & Publisher* editorialized, after an FBI publicity controversy in a kidnapping case:

". . . Mr. Hoover has been accused of such doings in other cities. New York police and firemen don't care much for his methods after having to work under a barrage of federal bullets aimed at a criminal who had been treed by the New York force in an apartment to which he later set fire.

"Single-mindedly, Mr. Hoover set out to get his man, regardless of the fire peril to other occupants of the house, or of the danger his bullets made for other public servants doing their duty.

"With reason, he has been suspicious both of the ability and integrity of local police forces, and a good many newspapermen who have worked with the G-Men believe that the clampdown on publicity until the job is done has the purpose of preventing leaks and preventing the local coppers from stealing the play . . ."

More astonishing was an article in so uncontroversial a national publication as *Collier's*, which poked malicious fun at Hoover's "campus cops," under a cartoon which depicted them peering from peepholes, sewers, trash cans and tree-tops in attempts to "tail" everyone in Washington.

"If you want to enjoy the sensation [of being tailed]," the author, Ray Tucker, wrote, "just write or speak in criticism of this shady stuff, or incur the displeasure of Mr. Hoover or some of his political superiors. You will be 'tailed' immediately, and sometimes they investigate your wife, your friends, even your ancestors. It's a sort of game with Mr. Hoover and his boy detectives."

It was a little heavy-handed but Tucker may have been kidding. Nobody kids the FBI today.

Africa's Double Revolution

by SIDNEY LENS

This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Lens on Africa. The concluding installment will appear in the March issue. A roving and careful student of world affairs, Mr. Lens recently returned from an extensive journey through Africa. He is the author of several books on foreign affairs and American labor and has contributed to many American publications, including The Nation, Yale Review, *and the* Harvard Business Quarterly.—THE EDITORS.

ADJUSTING to the new Africa is a difficult problem, particularly for the privileged Europeans. It is a relatively simple matter to give the African certain human rights. The doors of hotels and movies can be opened to him without disturbing racial relations too drastically. In Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, a Negro can attend the movies side by side with Europeans but he does not often avail himself of the opportunity because the price is far too high. The same is true of hotels. Piercing the barriers of discrimination is a step forward, but it does not strike at the root of the issue.

For the African the word "freedom" is all-encompassing. The racial conflict is not merely a color issue or a freedom issue; it is an economic class issue as well, and there is the rub. The African is in the process of a *double* revolution. He is combining the national revolution with the social one—fighting for freedom, dignity, equality, *and* laying the groundwork for a viable economy that can raise living standards beyond $50 and $80 per capita a year.

To achieve this double goal the African seeks, in the course of his struggle for freedom, to gain real, rather than mythical, control over the economy. That is where the war breaks out anew. For while the European powers and the settlers in most places are willing to pave the way for independence, they intend to fight as long as possible to preserve their economic largesse. They are resigned to the national revolution but not the social revolution .

When the African says, "Get out," he means not only, "Give up political power and take your army and police home," but, "Give us control over our own economic resources." When the European says, "We're leaving," he means, "We're willing to let you rule, but there must be a 'transition' period in which we keep our armies here and receive certain guarantees that we can continue our business unhindered."

These new forms of race relations in emergent Africa differ radically from the raw racism of South Africa. The European now is on the defensive, countering each native demand with strategic maneuver rather than naked terror. The big stick is gone, but in its place is a strategy of division, of playing on the historical schisms in the African ranks.

How easy it is to implement such a strategy is indicated by Uganda. Uganda forms the third sector of East Africa, together with Kenya and Tanganyika. Four years ago it seemed certain that it would be the first one of the three to achieve independence. Unlike Kenya, which is a colony, Uganda is under United Nations trusteeship. It has only a small settler population. But the divisions between the fourteen principal tribes, especially between the Buganda and the rest, have throttled the ambitions of Uganda's nationalists.

The kingdom of Buganda, headed by a 35-year-old Kabaka (king), constitutes one of the four provinces of the country. In 1953 the Kabaka was exiled because he opposed a unified government. Two years later he was permitted to return when he agreed to participate in the government. But lately there have been rumblings

once again of Bugandese separatism. The tribe has refused to send representatives to the Uganda Legislative Council, and it is fighting against formation of national parties.

Plagued by such problems, Uganda continues to flounder in confusion. Whether or not the British are behind the Kabaka's activities, the historical hatreds and prides are there on which to work. It takes almost no effort to inflame them, even to the point of violence. Just standing by as a "neutral" in the tribal conflict has a negative effect. The European power must have a sincere desire to *help* the native peoples achieve national unity if the transition to independence is to be smooth.

Unfortunately this is seldom the case. As independence nears—or even after it comes—the old forms of race relations are replaced by a stand-offish type. Raw racism and terror hindered the struggle for independence; the stand-offish relations seriously hinder the struggle against hunger, ignorance, and disease once independence is won.

Dramatizing this new kind of race relations are such countries as the Belgian Congo and Morocco. Here, unlike South Africa and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the technique is to retreat, yield a major point—and then try to hedge it with a hundred conditions, slow down its pace, limit its value.

The Belgian Congo is a sprawling country of 905,000 square miles, sparsely populated by 13.5 million Africans and 110,000 whites. Only two years ago it seemed like a haven of peace in turbulent Africa. The Negro had no political rights; neither did the white man, since the colony was administered directly by Brussels. The order of the day was paternalism: schools, hospitals, and many other facilities were exemplary by colonial standards elsewhere. In the mine areas the African could live with his wife and family. In the cities the government built tens of thousands of the best homes on the continent for Negroes.

The paternalism, however, cloaked an abysmal poverty and a sense of indignity. Annual per capita income for the native was only $41, and outside the cities a mere $29. The white man, though he was severely screened before being permitted into the colony, lived under a separate code of laws and was tried in separate courts. The African was encumbered by the usual pass requirement and other restrictions.

Two years ago the Belgians decided to bend a bit with the wind. They permitted the African to form social and cultural societies, gave the unions certain rights, and agreed to elections for 32 communal councils in the principal cities. Such concessions, however, only whetted the appetite for more. The social and cultural organizations soon evolved into full-fledged political parties with the blazing word independence inscribed on their banner; and the African communal officials soon were using their new posts as springboards to launch a movement for *national* African government.

The tempo was obviously more rapid than the Belgians had bargained for. Then on January 4, 1959, it was speeded up even more. A crowd that had just left a meeting hall in Leopoldville was told by police to "hurry up." A few jostlings and some arrests later, the incident flared into a revolutionary riot. Hundreds were killed (the official figure was 70), millions in property was destroyed, and

for a week the city was in a state of virtual siege. Finally, on January 13, the Belgian government recognized the right of the Congo to accede to independence. The colonial facade fell with a great crash.

But agreeing to independence and implementing it are two different things. If the great powers want to play on the natural divisions in the ranks of the Africans they can create havoc for long periods. Ancient tribal hatreds are easily stirred. And formulas for self-rule can be so circumspect they cater only to chaos. This seems to have happened in the Congo.

The Belgians proposed to the African leaders an electoral system which was so devious and unwieldy it could end only in the Belgians keeping a heavy foot in the Congolese door. The first stage was to be a direct election for two-thirds of the members of territorial councils. The other third would be *appointed* by the Belgian government. From the territorial council lists, members would then be selected to provincial councils, and from provincial councils to the legislative council and general council. Each of these was to be an indirect election by the bodies themselves rather than the electorate, and in each instance the Belgians would add their own appointees from the ranks of colons, merchants, middle classes, chiefs, and capitalists.

Presumably the Africans should have been able to muster a majority for their cause in such an indirect arrangement. But the Congolese Africans, like those everywhere, are severely divided. Old tribal grudges take a long time dying. There is the memory of ancient wars over slavery, water rights, women, territory. In Luluabourg there have been two serious outbursts between the Lulua and Baluba tribes which have claimed 57 dead and many hundreds wounded. The Lulua, an old warrior tribe, regards the Baluba as "intruders" in their area. The Bahuti in Ruanda-Urundi—which is also administered by Belgium—recently attacked the giant, handsome Watusi because in the dim past the Watusi had enslaved them. The Bakongo, whose empire once covered parts of Angola and what formerly was referred to as French Equatorial Africa as well as the Congo, are roundly hated by various tribes on whose toes they trod.

Of the 60 new political parties that came into existence when political action was legalized, a large number represent purely tribal interests. Tri-

bal separatism, rather than national unity, is their motivating force. The Abako Party, for instance, is the tool of the Bakongo and originally insisted on a separate republic for this tribe. Later it agreed to a federal structure but with considerable regional autonomy. The Party of Congolese Unity (P.U.C.), on the other hand, is the spokesman for the tribes of the High Congo which are at loggerheads with the Bakongo. At odds with both—and many others—is the important National Congolese Movement (M.N.C.) headed by the recently-arrested Patrice Lumumba. M.N.C. calls for a centralized republic with only negligible autonomy for each area. Though 25 of the 60 parties finally merged a few months ago, there is still plenty of room for maneuver between the remaining tribal forces.

Under such circumstances the Belgian proposal can lead only to continued dominance by Brussels. The appointed one-third of each body will be a solid bloc in alliance with Belgian economic interests, while the elected two-thirds will be rent by tribal divisions. All the Belgians have to do is fish in the troubled waters until they can win over a small segment to give their moderate friends a majority. Thus they can give up political power but continue to exercise decisive economic influence.

Congolese nationalists believe that the tribal riots are secretly encouraged by the Belgians to pour oil on the fires. Certainly the Europeans point to internecine battles such as the Lulua-Baluba or Bahuti-Watusi as justification for a go-slow policy. It must be clear too that the National Congolese Movement, which is supported by the Baluba, and the Union Congolaise, which has the allegiance of the Lulua, will find it difficult to formulate a common nationalist program so long as Lulua warriors are burning Baluba villages and shooting poisoned arrows at their ancient enemy. This plays into Belgian hands, and it is difficult to believe that the Belgians are not conscious of it.

London Evening Standard

The divide-and-rule strategy is both traditional and logical for European powers as they evacuate political power in the colonies. The British stirred the Arabs against the Jews and vice versa as they gave Palestine its independence. More recently they played off Turk against Greek in the Cypriot crisis. In Algeria the French have offered a program for self-determination which again sets tribe against tribe and ethnic group against ethnic group. The Berbers in Morocco were used for a time against the nationalism of the sultan. In the Congo, too, the Belgians use divisive strategy as a means of working out a *modus vivendi* to preserve large economic interests.

Since it is only a small country with a negligible army, Belgium does not want to become embroiled in another Algeria. It can't. And its officials tell this to you quite frankly. They feel they should continue to rule the Congo, but they are ready to grant independence over the next four-year period because they cannot hold the country by force. In surrendering political power, however, they are stalling for the longest transition possible and the most advantageous agreement with the divided political groups over their economic holdings. Despite the platonic phrases of the Belgian government, the African understands full well what is going on. He continues to suspect the European and he examines each proposal for the joker behind it, always fearful that he is being deceived. Thus, as the white man jettisons colonialism, he leaves behind him a legacy of racial hatred. Instead of healing the breach, he widens it. Such is the nature of power that neither people nor nations yield it easily.

Another example of the loss of rapport between the old rulers and the ruled is illustrated by relations in the independent country of Morocco.

Before independence was granted to Morocco in 1956 there were 350,000 Frenchmen in the country. They controlled 80 per cent of the modern city economy, plus 2.2 million acres of land and a half billion dollars in rural investment. Farm acreage for the Frenchman averaged 600, as against 9.5 for the Arab family. To keep this dual economy viable the French gave sizable subsidies to the *colons*. As one subsidy, France bought wheat, sardines, fruit, and wine, produced on French farms in Morocco, at prices above the world market. All told, 20 billion francs a year were poured into Moroccan arteries by the colonial power—most of it going to the *colons*.

Why the French finally agreed to independence is a long story linked with their defeats in Viet Nam and turbulence elsewhere. One might expect that having made the decision the French would be gracious about it—withdraw all their troops and continue aid long enough for a smooth transition. But precisely the reverse has happened. There are still 20,000 French troops on sovereign Moroccan soil—against the wishes of the native government and despite the insistent demand that they be sent home. Since independence the French have withdrawn all economic aid and a good part of the price subsidy. They are putting the squeeze on the new regime to exact some agreement that will protect the interests of the 250,000 Frenchmen who still remain. The 20,000 troops—though greatly reduced from a peak of 100,000—are meant as a warning to the government that it must be "reasonable."

But how can an independent nation so desperately in need of development operate with a sword hanging over its head? Only 15 per cent of the Moroccan people are literate. Most farmers remain on a pure subsistence level. It is indicative of the slow tempo of progress under the

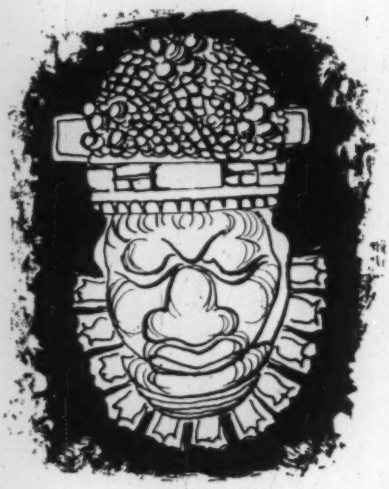
French that there are but 28 native doctors in the whole country. The new regime must either speed the pace of technology or perish. Already there have been four governments since April, 1956, and the present one under Abdallah Ibrahim is none too firmly in the saddle. For more than two years the country merely marked time. In recent months 100,000 acres of land have been distributed to peasants and some advance can be recorded in other spheres, but this makes only a small dent in the problem. To make matters worse, the French are trying to widen the schism between various Moroccan factions.

The white man's problem in Africa, it must be conceded, is not an easy one. After a century of wealth and privilege he has formulated a rationale for his position which defies both history and logic. What is more it is now an honestly held doctrine: he believes fervently that the white man brought civilization to Africa, introduced education, health measures, and so on. He thinks he deserves the special status that it took him generations to achieve. No amount of preaching or moralizing can pierce this unbalanced view of race relations because it is charged with emotional self-interest. Neither a nation nor a man makes the transition from "boss" to "equal" without a bitter blow to ego and shrewd attempts to preserve as much of the old status as possible. Faced with a bleak alternative, the white man convinces himself with true moral fervor that he is doing the right thing. The black man, he says, "is not ready" for self-rule; "we" must rule for him.

On his part, the African, too, has difficulty in viewing the problem with full objectivity. A century of imperialism has embedded a vein of hatred that cannot be mined out with a few platitudes. The Negro (and Arab) needs Western help, Western skills, Western civil servants, Western advisers. His own intelligentsia is too small for the great tasks of controlling tribal passions or instituting economic reform (in the Congo, for instance, there was not a single graduate African doctor or lawyer until last year). But he does not trust the white man to help him. The white men he knows have usually betrayed him. His leaders must therefore emphasize black nationalism and the grievances of the black man, rather than the abstract theme of interracial brotherhood. This helps mobilize the masses in the cause of freedom but it prevents full use of the talents of many men—inside and outside Africa—who could contribute to its development.

The African, it is clear, can govern without Western help. He is living at the subsistence level, and can hardly sink further, but with the white man's skills at his service he can make progress far more rapidly. If these skills were put to the Negro's cause the transition in Africa would be easy. But if the white man remains sullen, unhappy, and begrudging, the difficulties are compounded.

For Africa the reconciliation of races would have a bounteous effect. Not "partnership" in the language of Sir Roy Welensky, prime minister of the Central African Federation of



Rhodesia and Nyasaland, nor vague concepts such as "friendship," but an acceptance of the new relationship of forces. Unfortunately such a reconciliation will not take place without outside help. Less passionate forces, removed from the scene, are needed to fill the void. The adversaries themselves—except in isolated cases like Tanganyika where the African leader, Julius Nyerere, shows great talent—cannot achieve collaboration without outside influence. This ought to be the guidepost for Western strategy: to make Africa's transition from the tribal to the jet age as smooth and as painless as possible.

The West, and particularly, the United States, can do so both by pressure against those white elements that look to the past rather than the future, and by economic, technical, and moral aid to those African elements that are seeking to form a viable Pan-Africa.

The United States and Britain, for instance, could easily force South Africa to alter its policies. The United States and Britain buy the Union's gold. They account for 53 per cent of its exports if you include the Commonwealth, and 52.2 per cent of its imports. With such a hold over South Afrcia's economic life the two Western nations could bring about a basic change from the *apartheid* policy. Just the threat of a boycott—let alone its implementation—could force the racists to capitulate.

Similar economic leverage exists elsewhere as well. Welensky and the British in the Federation, the Belgians in the Congo, and the French in Morocco can all be pushed or persuaded if the United States decides to put its chips squarely on the side of the African Revolution. The new Africa will be run by Africans, for Africans, but it needs Western help. Both for the sake of the Africans and for America's strategic needs, aid should be granted in such a way that the black man can begin to accept the white man as a friend, rather than conqueror or boss. If the United States doesn't pursue this policy, Russia will inevitably fill the vacuum. The Soviets have scrupulously and wisely stayed in the background in the first phase of Africa's revolution; but they are ready to make their play in the second phase—after each country wins its freedom and begins its economic development. This need not be the overriding consideration for America; racial friendship is justified on its own grounds. Otherwise the abilities of the white man on the spot are wasted in useless backbiting, wile, deception, and chicanery—even as the sun sets on his dominance in Africa.

Akron's Workers Feel Blows of Automation

by WILLIAM ABBOTT

LLOYD GLEN EBERLY must have fondled the rifle in his hands for quite some time; it was to be his last companion. The news report only guessed at the swirling thoughts which lashed his mind as he raised the weapon to his chest and pulled the trigger.

The story of his death was brief, almost curt. Eberly had been unemployed for more than a year. He was "despondent" over supporting his family by handouts from relatives. Eberly left a wife and two sons.

The Akron *Beacon Journal*, which reported Eberly's death as a minor news item, apparently failed to see the irony of a story printed in the same edition. The headline read: "PROSPERITY EXCEEDING IKE'S HOPES." The story reported that Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson told newspaper executives the "nation's prosperity is racing far ahead of the Eisenhower Administration's expectations."

Since Eberly's death last April, another Akron worker has taken his life. There was no editorial comment, although four days after Eberly's suicide, the daily newspaper complained about an Ohio Senate-passed unemployment compensation bill whereby a "tremendous potential burden is placed on an employer."

When the city's first Negro councilman in history, Ed Davis, asked the city council to adopt a resolution setting up a citizen's committee to study the relationship of automation to unemployment, official Akron answered: "Automation is a national problem and should be studied on a national level." But more important, "unfavorable publicity" brought on by such a study "would have an unhealthy effect on local progress." The Democratic city council voted against the resolution by an 8-5 margin.

Davis knew something about unemployment. On Thanksgiving Day, 1958, he had lost his job when the company he worked for went out of business. He was a skilled machinist, and he showed so much leadership ability that his white fellow workers in the plant elected him president of their UAW local union. After months of looking for work, he finally found a job, only to be sent back out on the street during a recent round of layoffs.

Davis represents the other world of Akron, the world one seldom reads about. It is a blue-collar world of little people with big fears.

"There is so much misery here," Davis explained. He took out a piece of paper and held it almost tenderly. "I'm going down to the city relief office with this list of hungry people. Some of my colleagues tell me right on the floor of the city council I have no business helping these people, but what are you going to do? Watch a man starve to death?"

A specter haunts the streets of Akron. It is the specter of technological unemployment. It is not a stark, blood-curdling apparition, for most Akron workers are employed; home ownership is near the highest in the country and so are wages in the six-hour-day rubber plants. The specter is a quick clasp on the spirit, an uneasy feeling that something dreadful is about to happen.

Akron is a typical community in the era of technological unemployment. In 1955-56, the area labor market was in excess of 90,000. Today, the figure approximates 80,000. This is not considered critical or even too much to worry about—unless you are one of the 10,000 out of work.

In July, workers at the Firestone Company went on strike over contract and pension issues. At one of the picket posts seven pickets began joking with the union vice president, Ike Gold.

"We fight like hell among ourselves, but let the company pull something and just watch us stick together. Nobody can fight the way we can, eh Ike?" They kept talking. "We used to have a lot more people working here," said one, his eyes fixed to the ground. "People getting laid off scares the daylights out of a guy. What's a good contract if you don't have a job?" Nobody answered.

Finally a picket spoke up. "The important thing is automation. That's why I'm on strike."

"The union should do something," another broke in. "What, I don't exactly know. Maybe it should get the government to do something. Unemployment compensation's not the answer. I don't know what the answer is, but there must be some answer. Can't you see? If I get laid off, it's the end. I'm almost 50, and it'll be the end."

Typical of what is going on is the change in method of curing a tire in the average rubber plant. First there was the "pot-heater" method where a green tire was shaped around an air bag and then put into a mold which was closed and lowered into a pit.

Next came the "watchcase mold" which means the pit was no longer needed. The next innovation was the "Bag-o-matic"—the tire was no longer put into a bagging machine. Then new triumphs of efficiency came about. At each stage of improvement, jobs were eliminated until the near ultimate was reached—a ghostly line of tire-curing machines with a single man watching them.

Akron Goodyear workers, for example, know about such a line in the Goodyear Topeka, Kansas, plant. "Who isn't worried about automation?" said Rocky Galloway, a leader in the "First CIO Union," Goodyear Local 2, during a bull session at the local union hall. "Stopping the machine isn't the answer. But I just built my own home. Everything I've got is tied right here. I can't stop the machine, but if automation keeps on, what am I going to do?"

"I know a family that's been unemployed for almost a year. They're our neighbors," said his buddy. "You know how they get along? They beg. And I could cry at the thought of it." He was a big, strapping man of 35. "My wife tells me she can't look them in the eye. They're ashamed, and we're ashamed because of their shame."

"Why should they be ashamed? It's not their fault," another asked.

The unionist smiled back bitterly. "Why are we ashamed for making them take things from us? They're unemployed; they're ashamed. We're working; we're ashamed. You figure it out."

Miami Experiences Racial Stalemate

by MARVIN RICH

A NEGRO and two white men were beaten, a prominent Negro doctor was threatened, and a restaurant closed its doors in Miami during the last two weeks of September. Those beaten and threatened are members of the Miami Committee of Racial Equality (CORE). The restaurant that closed its doors is one of several in Miami at which the CORE group has demonstrated in protest against the refusal to serve Negroes.

Miami has often been called "a suburb of New York." Certainly it is not a typically Southern community. Across the bay in Miami Beach, where tourism is the prime industry, many public accommodations are open to Negroes. Miami itself is more rigidly segregated. Most downtown restaurants do not serve Negroes who want to sit while they eat a sandwich or dish of ice cream. But many are "vertically integrated"—Negroes may take orders out or stand and eat while brushing shoulders with whites. Yet at least four restaurants in Miami do not discriminate in any way. Desegregation of the municipal golf course and the buses was accomplished with little public concern or excitement.

The Miami CORE organization has been working since March to end discriminatory practices in the downtown restaurants. The group is an affiliate of the Congress of Racial Equality, "a national organization . . . working to abolish racial discrimination by direct, non-violent methods."

Interracial testing teams of CORE members visited many of the restaurants and lunch counters in the downtown area during March and April. A white and a Negro would enter a restaurant and attempt to order. In a few cases they were served. However, when interracial teams returned on other days they were often refused service.

After the pattern of discrimination at each restaurant became clear, CORE members attempted to discuss the problem with the management. The manager of one large chain dime store is reported to have said, "God bless you all for what you are doing. It has to be done." But he firmly refused to open his counter or to permit service to Negroes on a once-a-day or even on a once-a-week trial basis. Another manager declared that things had been "going along fine" and "the Jews are stirring up all the trouble."

On April 30, CORE, believing that negotiations were stalled, launched a "sit-in" protest demonstration at the W. T. Grant and McCrory's stores. Both of these chains had eliminated discriminatory practices in other cities after CORE groups took action. Members of CORE filed into the restaurant, took vacant seats as they became available, and then sat waiting for service. At Grant's the waitresses disappeared. A half-made sandwich was deserted on the sandwich board. At McCrory's the waitresses remained but ignored the group. Police officers were present, as were onlookers and TV cameramen.

A TV commentator who interviewed 100 white passersby during the sit-in found that 98 had no objection to Negroes being served, and many were surprised to learn they were not. Subsequently CORE members negotiated with representatives of the Chamber of Commerce as well as with managers of individual stores. These discussions proved fruitless, and, subsequently several larger and more sustained demonstrations occurred.

CORE was still negotiating with representatives of these stores when, early in September, the national Congress of Racial Equality began an Interracial Action Institute in Miami. The Institute was designed to train leaders from all parts of the country in the techniques of investigation, negotiation, and public demonstration. Miami was chosen as the site because the racial pattern was so varied that action projects could be selected to give participants experience useful in border and Northern communities as well as in the South.

One of several projects selected by the Action Institute was restaurant desegregation at the Jackson's-Byrons department store. The Miami CORE organization previously had tested the lunch counter and engaged in preliminary negotiations with one of the owners, Jack Reichenbach. Institute members repeated this process. Sit-in demonstrations were begun only after negotiations failed.

As soon as CORE members appeared at Jackson's-Byrons, waiters displayed "THIS COUNTER IS CLOSED" signs and refused service to everyone, annoying many white customers who wanted to know why they could not be served. After five days of demonstrations, the lunch counter was closed to the public completely.

Reichenbach and his attorney, Frank Cohen, then met with an interracial group of six, representing both the Action Institute and Miami CORE. Cohen told Dr. John O. Brown, Miami CORE project director, that the restaurant would begin serving a few Negroes on a trial basis

WILLIAM ABBOTT is assistant education director of the United Rubber Workers of America in Akron. . . . MARVIN RICH is community relations director of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE).

September 21, provided CORE did not publicize the arrangement. Even though the Action Institute was scheduled to end September 20, CORE agreed to postpone further demonstrations.

On September 21, four Miami CORE members were refused service. By the dinner hour, demonstrations were resumed. Sit-ins involving as many as 80 people a day took place the next four days.

On September 25, Gordon Carey, National CORE field secretary, was beaten about the face just outside the washroom in the Jackson's-Byrons store.

The following Monday two CORE members, Ishmael Howell and Charles Siegel, were assaulted and beaten while participating in the sit-in. Howell, a 28-year-old partially paralyzed veteran of Korea, was dragged off his stool and beaten severely by George Victor, a white electrician. Howell did not attempt to retaliate. Victor then shoved Siegel, a slight, 54-year-old, retired businessman off his stool and beat him about the face. When the police arrived, Howell, Siegel, and Victor were all booked on charges of assault.

Municipal Judge Goldman heard the case. Victor admitted striking both Howell and Siegel several times and acknowledged that he himself had not been struck. Victor did allege that Howell had insulted him. Four witnesses testified for Victor, and seven witnesses testified for Howell and Siegel. Howell and Victor were fined $50 each, and Siegel was acquitted.

Florida Attorney General Richard Ervin ruled that a restaurant owner could legally refuse to serve a guest if he determined it would injure the reputation of the establishment, even though the guest did not engage in any misconduct. Acting Miami Police Chief Paul M. Denham has said that he will eject anyone who refuses to leave a restaurant when requested.

Meanwhile, the restaurant in Jackson's-Byrons has been closed since September 28. Fixtures and supplies have been removed and alterations begun to dispense aspirin and cigarettes instead of ham and eggs. "Well," said one CORE member, "at least we're all equal now in Jackson's-Byrons: nobody eats."

If you're thinking of Florida . . .

by JOHN R. TUNIS

ARE YOU retiring to Florida, or looking ahead to it? A lot of people seem to be, so here's a suggestion. Look—and look hard—before you leap. A little thought, a little planning, some time spent living there may save you a lot of headaches and considerable cash.

Florida is not the sunshine state any more; it is the statistical state. At present it is the second fastest growing state in the nation. Ranking 31st in population in 1931, it climbed to 20th place in 1950, and in the past decade to 12th. By 1970, estimates are that it will be sixth or seventh, with a probable population around 7,000,000 as against some 4,600,000 today.

Florida has no state income tax, no inheritance tax, and, with the $5,000 annual homestead exemption, not much real estate tax, either. If you build and live there in a house costing, say, $15,000, and assessed at $8,000, you pay local and county taxes on only $3,000. No wonder each week some 4,000 families (not individuals) swarm into Florida. Yet some people who settle in this paradise are not happy. A few even want to sell and leave, despite the fishing, the shelling, the beaches with their swimming and sun bathing, and the huge pink grapefruit at a nickle apiece.

Should you be contemplating a retirement in Florida, here are a few suggestions.

"If you can't afford to see it, you can't afford to buy it," as reputable real estate agents say. Don't buy from a plan in Grand Central Station, New York, no matter how many others have, or how large and reputable the concern. Look at the land before you invest ten cents.

In buying, time is of the essence. Take time. Even in this era of high prices and inflated real estate values, there *are* distress sales, and bargains to be had all over the state if you look for them and if you buy at the right moment—in summer. Naturally this demands an expenditure of time, money, effort, not to mention a lot of patience. Never buy because the lot will be $100 more next week. What's $100 where your future is concerned?

The average snowbird comes south during the dry season from December to June, visits several towns and cities, and ends up a sucker for the fast-talking realtor. By the time his house is built and ready in November, the place will be soggy, sodden, and sequestered. His land and his lawn will be ten inches under water. In July, August, and September of 1958, southern Florida had three feet (not inches) of rain. Total rainfall in 1959 was 76.56 inches, more than six feet.

Terms such as "two golf courses in town" sound fine to the keen golfer. But one course may be as crowded all winter as Broadway and 42nd Street, and neglected in summer. The

JOHN R. TUNIS is a noted writer whose articles have appeared in many American publications.

other course may cost $3,000 to join—if you can—with yearly dues of $1,500. "Careful zoning requirements" is a generality. It probably forbids a night club next door. Or the city council may vote to change the zoning laws, and your picture window will face a new motel. Ask exactly what the minimum and maximum lot is in the vicinity. Otherwise some morning your bedroom will be ten feet from somebody's new house.

"Moor your boat in your own backyard. Step outdoors and fish. On navigable waterway with access to the ocean." These are real estate slogans. Examine them. You would expect to pay extra for these privileges, and you will, plenty—unless you ascertain how deep the channel is, and who pays to re-dredge it after a winter blow. One bad northeaster in winter and you've had it. Waterfront property is expensive to maintain. A concrete retaining wall of 100 feet will add anything from $3,000 up to the cost of your new lot.

When you do buy, be sure to get land with pine trees. Cypress trees mean the land is or has been or will be a swamp. Then have a local lawyer inspect your contract. Pay him to represent you at the closing and protect your interests, no matter how smart you think you are in real estate law. This pays off in the end.

If you buy in a development, be sure the sewers are in, the street assessments paid, the company promoters reliable. Friends of mine bought land and found the concern bankrupt the next summer, and potholes two feet deep along the street they lived on.

When you decide to build, don't pick a plan from *House & Garden* that would be suited to Minneapolis or Detroit. Employ a local architect who lives in town and will be there next winter. He knows how to align your house to keep it warm in winter and cool in summer; he takes advantage of the prevailing winds. He will make doors and windows to seal against storms. He will prevent your building a cheap house on an expensive lot, and the other way round. An architect in Florida, like a lawyer, earns his money.

Find an honest contractor. In Florida contractors come and go faster than the summer storms. If your roof leaks next July you want to find the man responsible. The cheap contractor *may* still be around; but more likely he has gone to Miami, bought an orange grove at Lake Placid, or flown to Pennsylvania, leaving a packet of uncollectible bills due his sub-contractors.

Some Florida builders have a deal with realtors. The realtor recommends them to the newcomer, and gets a cut on the price of your house. Hire a man with a good reputation. Talk to people round town, visit the local banks, and ask questions. Get a contractor who is there to stay. You may save several thousand dollars by choosing the cheaper man. You may also pay twice that in subsequent bills and end up with an unsatisfactory home.

Does this mean Floridians are less honest than Northerners? Not at all. Many of the worst profiteers in the South today are recently down from Ohio and New York. Contractors, realtors, shop keepers, and motel owners are as often as not recent escapees from Indianapolis and Milwaukee. My experience over 15 years is that the native Floridian is as decent, honest, friendly, and soft-spoken as anyone, and perhaps more so than most. But he has seen fortunes made by Northern quick-buck speculators on *his* land in *his* home town under *his* eyes. He has watched *his* state invaded, acres snapped up at fancy prices, and sold six months later at fantastic ones. It hurts.

Many transplanted snowbirds who were vice-presidents of General Gumbat, Inc., and tycoons in Hinsdale and Chestnut Hills, don't see why the quiet-voiced members of the City Council pay no attention to their request for a change in the zoning laws to permit the erection of a guest house that will rent for $2,500 a winter. These people throw their weight around and deserve what they get. One local expressed it: "Lots of people leave their morals north when they come to Florida. They drive differently, they drink differently, they act differently. They try to transport Chicago to the tropics, and this is an impossibility."

Today the growth of Florida is based on many sound values: outdoor living the year round, new industries, fine homes in happy communities, health-giving sunshine, the grace of the pelican soaring over sandy beaches, beautiful highways giving easy access to ocean and golf courses, fine fishing from the municipal pier. It is also based on unrestrained avarice. Given our present economic system, there are few of us, Northern or Southern, who do not fall victim to its alluring appeal. The seeds of greed are as present in Florida real estate as in quiz shows and other aspects of American life today.

No matter what lies ahead, it is hardly likely Florida land values will continue at the high rate of the past decade. A good deal of real estate is priced out of line. For some time purchasers in southern Florida have been taken for plane rides over the Everglades, and shown mangrove swamps that are completely inaccessible. Many return to the realtor's office and sign immediately for 200 acres, without checking, investigating, or really knowing where their property is. Land bought at $30 to $50 an acre has been sold by mail as lots for $3,000 or more an acre.

Perhaps my experience may help you. Fifteen years ago we went South to make a winter home. Amalfi in those days was a fishing town with fewer than a thousand persons, a gorgeous climate, a few shrimpers tied up at the docks, a nine-hole golf course with an Addison Mizner clubhouse, both falling rapidly to pieces. There was a Baptist church, a Saratoga-type hotel, a few stores, and a single school containing all grades. There was no city water, no hospital, no bank, no public library, and only two police. If you needed a tooth filled, a fender repaired, or a check cashed, you went to the county seat, 35 miles distant.

After renting for a season, we bought three acres for $4,500, out in the brush, two miles from town, with not a house in sight. Today, fifteen years later, Amalfi has been discovered, with amazing results.

Like so many Florida towns, Amalfi is busting out all over. Where we once had a glimpse of blue ocean through waving palm trees, our home is now surrounded on three sides by the garbage cans of our neighbors. What was originally lush verdure and

palmettos is now streets and avenues lined with the stately homes of tycoons complete with swimming pools and mortgages. If there were any land around for sale, it would go at $15,000 an acre or more.

This haven of rest and repose in the sun has become Utica with winter bathing. Amalfi today is a bustling city where you can get available building lots for $20 a front foot, only they are beside the Seaboard tracks where you wouldn't care to live. On the other hand, you can buy a lot on the ocean for $400 or more a front foot which you probably can't afford.

"Amalfi Sells Itself," the local boosters shout. This is true, but the selling is assisted by some 85 realtors' offices staffed by some 300 harriers, men and women, retired colonels and admirals, and former go-getters from Kentucky and Wisconsin. There is now a radio station dispensing commercials, canned music, and news, 17 temples of various sects and denominations, paved streets and avenues, good city water, four or five new schools, a large police force in prowl cars, a hospital staffed by a dozen medics, an airport with 5,000 foot runways and planes in and out daily. Not to mention three banks and a half a dozen loan sharks. The postal receipts total $500,000 annually, and the assessed valuation of the town at 14 mills is $50,000,000 a year. You can see a plethora of westerns at an open air movie, bowl all night, or sit in one of a dozen bars and taverns, while a new dog track up the road will take your spare money every evening and twice on Sunday.

The unsullied beach which once stretched white and gleaming into the distance, empty and solitary, where you could walk alone in peace for miles, is now jammed with homes, villas, motels, hotels, and people who wish you'd kindly pass along or at least stay away from their doors.

One should differentiate between the Northerner who comes down each winter for fishing, who has money to escape in summer to the Adirondacks or the Great Smokies, and the man who lives on a margin and must stay put. Although Amalfi is 450 miles farther south than Cairo, Egypt, hoses in the garden have been known to freeze solid in winter, and orange groves get nipped despite the smudge pots. But the usual winter climate is superb, much better than the overrated French and Italian Riviera.

Summers, however, can be difficult for the person born and bred in the North. The endless summer, with its varieties of bugs, insects, and mosquitoes, should be endured before a snowbird builds or buys.

The heat in Tampa and Miami may, as claimed, be less than that of New York and Chicago. It just lasts longer. The ocean and your pool are disagreeable in summer. Nobody cares to swim when the water is 87 degrees. The boosters tell you Florida has a better summer climate than Manhattan or Pittsburgh. Granted, though neither is exactly a summer resort. But the boosters neglect to mention the ever-present humidity, the verdigris on your shoes and clothes in the closets, the bugs that eat the pictures on the wall and the books on your shelves.

A few Northerners also miss certain amenities to which they are accustomed. Florida is first in number of luxury hotels per square mile, and 37th in people served by public libraries. It is 30th in income per person spent on libraries, and one-third of the state has no library service whatever. In 1958, money bet on Florida's horse, dog and jai-alai sports equalled $74.25 per person. Cigarette spending was $33 per person. Public library expenditures were 85 cents per person.

Another item which disturbs a few transplanted Northerners is the prevalent belief that all snowbirds are millionaires, ready to be taken. As the unwary tourist approaches at this time of year, the realtors creep out from under the cinder blocks, consummating deals a businessman in New Jersey would laugh at. Often as the newcomer pays his contractor's bills for overtime, he learns the hard way the meaning of the roadside signs: "Keep Florida green."

Some Northerners also find it hard to adjust to segregation. In Florida this is not a colored problem but a white problem. The white man drives the garbage trucks in Amalfi, but three colored men stand on the running boards and toss up the cans. If a mason's job is done, a colored man mixes the plaster, trundles the heavy wheelbarrow up the planks, where a white man leisurely wields a trowel.

In Florida, as elsewhere in the South, drinking fountains are still labeled White and Colored. The colored people sit in the heat or the cold outside the doctor's office until all white patients inside have been seen. In Amalfi there is a small housing development for Negroes, but at a price the majority cannot afford because it must return a high profit to the white investors who put up the money. Most Negroes live in slums on the wrong side of the tracks, and cannot leave there after dark. If you have a colored maid, you take her home in your car at night.

Is there not hatred, segregation, and discrimination of various kinds in the North? Assuredly there is, plenty. But the pattern is being broken all the time. In Florida one often senses the hate in the atmosphere; the feelings expressed and unexpressed seep into the newcomer. A majority of Northerners who come South soon develop an attitude toward the "nigras" that is far more bitter than that of crackers who have lived there a lifetime. Or else the poison and the hatred are too disturbing, and you cannot take it any more.

For all these reasons, many people want to rent or sell. At times it seems as if the whole state could be bought for a price. The vice-president of a large national mortgage company recently came down from Chicago to visit Amalfi, but returned without opening a branch as planned. "Must be something wrong with a town where so many want to sell and leave," he reported.

True, many of these people merely want a quick buck and are asking absurd prices. Many will buy elsewhere in Florida if they do sell. But thoughtful realtors feel there is far too much undeveloped land bought purely for speculation. As one fast worker advertised: "We sell it by the gallon or the acre. If you see it you won't buy it. But if you don't, you'll miss a golden opportunity." His land was all sold in six months.

Some people escape. Others stay because they like it. But a good many are stuck and wish they weren't. So look hard before you leap.

ADA's Liberal Yardstick

Dear Sirs:

We in Americans for Democratic Action agree with *The Progressive* so regularly that it is almost a pleasure to find a mistake. But find one we did.

In your December "Notes in the News" you write, "Who would ever have dreamed a decade after Taft-Hartley that a labor bill of the importance of Landrum-Griffin would not even be included in an ADA roll call. . ."

Of course, nobody would have dreamed this and, of course, it never happened. ADA did include in its roll call on Congress the vote on Landrum-Griffin.

Congressional Quarterly calls the roll call which occurred in the House of Representatives on Augtist 13 the "key" vote on Landrum-Griffin, and this is the one ADA has chosen as its yardstick. Here the Republican-Dixiecrat coalition moved to substitute Landrum-Griffin for the moderate House Committee bill. The substitute was passed, 229-201, and this vote is the eighth item on ADA's House voting record for the last session of Congress.

After the House sent the Landrum-Griffin bill to a conference between the House and the Senate and many of its worst features were deleted or moderated, the overwhelming majority of liberals and conservatives alike supported the bill on final passage. ADA did not include this vote on final passage as a test between liberals and conservatives because practically all liberals (only Morse and Langer voted "no" in the Senate) voted for the final bill on the quite reasonable ground that it contained good as well as bad provisions and that it was the best bill that could be obtained under all the circumstances.

SAMUEL H. BEER
National Chairman
Americans for Democratic Action
Washington, D.C.

Dewey and Hutchins

Dear Sirs:

It is apparent that Conner Reed in his January issue letter, "The Great Books," has "home-work" to do on the controlling principles of the "Great Books Movement" in American education. He assumes in his communication that the supporters of this plan for curriculum reconstruction do not advocate that study of the "Great Books" should supplant study of the trends, the problems, the resources, the values, and the possibilities of contemporary American civilization. Actually, it was John Dewey, not Robert Hutchins, who realized that understanding of present-day culture is so important that it involves understanding of the past from which our culture has developed. Hutchins' program for American education is quite other than this. His program, as outlined in *The Higher Learning in America*, precisely proposes that study of the Great Books should substitute for study of contemporary American civilization. I quote some characteristic passages:

"The notion of educating a man to live in any particular time or place, to adjust him to any particular environment, is therefore foreign to a true conception of education. Education implies teaching. Teaching implies knowledge. Knowledge is truth. The truth is everywhere the same. Hence education should be everywhere the same. . . . I suggest that the heart of any course designed for the whole people will be, if education is rightly understood, the same at any time, in any place, under any political, social, or economic conditions. . . .

"Nevertheless we must have a curriculum which will, in the main, do as well for those who are going on (to college) as for those who are not. What shall this curriculum be? We have excluded body building and character building. We have excluded the social graces and the tricks of the trade (vocational education). We have suggested that the curriculum should be comprised principally of the permanent studies. . . . What are the permanent studies? They are in the first place those books which have through the centuries attained to the dimensions of classics. . . . Such books are a large part of the permanent studies.

"In addition I include grammar, or the rules of reading, rhetoric, and logic, or the rules of writing, speaking, and reasoning. The classics provide modes of excellence; grammar, rhetoric, and logic are means of determining how excellence is achieved."

If Mr. Reed considers that the foregoing constitutes a preposterous program for American education, he should remember that it is Hutchins who has used the funds of great foundations to promote it. I happen to believe that Dewey was correct when he pointed out during the Thirties that a curriculum thus conceived will, in effect, if not by intention, tend to serve reactionary ends.

JOHN L. CHILDS
Columbia University
Professor Emeritus, Teachers College,
New York, N.Y.

Distrusts Russia

Dear Sirs:

While in part I agree with your editorial "Sound Policy and Good Politics," I must disagree with your opinion about the Truman-Acheson foreign policy.

Russia has gone through her period of using the wheel, the hanging, and the burning at the stake. She has by means of indoctrination of her youth won their trust and faith, and by somewhat improving the lot of the working class, she no longer has to worry about an internal upheaval. She has now reached a stage when she can afford to wait. Russia no longer needs a five year plan. Her plans are now stretched to cover a century. Her aim is to control man's thinking and beliefs, to rule him, body and soul. Her offer of peace and disarmament is nothing but the wolf's trick to catch the Little Red Ridinghood. There is no "new phase of the cold war."

If we disarm now, Russia will not do so. She will, in one way or another, hide her weapons, and when we and the rest of the world are defenseless, she will strike. Fanatics cannot be trusted.

I consider, therefore, the Truman-Acheson policy sound, because it is based on past history, not on wishful thinking.

LARS J. BERG
Sunland, Calif.

Miracle

Dear Sirs:

To sing all the songs of praise worthy of *The Progressive*, I should have to establish a Tin Pan Alley all my own. Since that is impossible, I shall simply limit myself to saying: you're great. To grow in an atmosphere of moral stagnation is wonder enough. But to flourish in breadth and depth under those conditions is nothing short of a miracle, especially when most competitive journals, a few even that Edward Morgan mentioned, are more and more trying to get out of this world in balloons gassed up by the rhetoric of their own editors. Like *The Reporter*, for example.

Speaking of Edward Morgan, I am surprised he failed to mention *I. F. Stone's Weekly*, and *Frontier*, of Los Angeles. Both should be among the first in the line of human defense.

LILLIAN OTT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Capitalism Outmoded

Dear Sirs:

I read your article "If Peace Breaks Out" and due to the seriousness of conditions you describe so well, I feel called upon to question the solutions you have to offer. The conditions you describe so aptly are caused by an outworn social system. Your cure, to build roads, hospitals, and the like, was tried and found wanting, a fact admitted by the chief originator of the idea, Franklin D. Roosevelt, in his State of the Union message, January 4, 1940, when he said: "We cannot report . . . that all problems are solved. The fact of unemployment of millions of men and women remains a symptom of a number of difficulties in our economic system not yet adjusted . . . the surplus of our labor which the efficiency of our industrial processes has created."

Just before World War II there was an unemployment figure of ten million—after all the effort of the New Deal to put people to work. We happen to be living at the end of an era when the social system we live under, capitalism, has outlived its usefulness to man's progress, and is holding back prog-

ress, due to its outdated mode of distribution of the wealth created alone by the working class.

In proof of capitalism's method of distribution being outmoded (producing goods to be sold at a profit) we now have our shelves and storehouses filled to overflowing and one-third the nation still ill fed, ill housed, and ill clothed, and 70 per cent of the people of the deep South having diseases due to malnutrition.

The times do not call for reform, but for a new social system that demands the social or collective ownership of the land and tools of production and a Socialist Industrial Union Government, as advocated by the Socialist Labor Party.

R. V. Brandborg
Little Falls, Minn.

Legion Hypocrisy

Dear Sirs:

Your bouquet to the American Legion and its new National Commander for expelling the "40&8" seems to be in questionable taste. Expulsion of the fun and frolic group is doubtless a step in the right direction, but the same might be said for a man who stops beating one of his five children.

As a less than satisfied member of the American Legion, may I remind you that the Legion's action had nothing to do with racial equality. The Legion itself did and does maintain segregated posts. "40&8" would not even admit Negroes on a segregated basis and, therefore, was endangering the tax-exempt status of the entire Legion. Such motives hardly merit your special commendation.

Justin Blackwelder
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial kudos for Commander McKneally and the American Legion seem to be premature.

His action in "expelling" the 40&8 for practicing racial segregation brings to mind the Gospel according to St. Matthew, vii:3, "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

The fact remains that American Legion members are segregated in Jim Crow posts throughout the country.

Until the Legion takes steps to eliminate segregation within its own organization, the action against its fun and frolic subsidiary must be considered sheer hypocrisy.

Charles B. Bietry
Member, American
Legion Post #178
St. Marys, Kans.

World Government

Dear Sirs:

As an old-time supporter of that almost uniquely fearless journal, *The Progressive*, may I beg you for the ringing appeal to the claims of World Federal Government which some of your contributors could surely produce.

It should even be easier now than for some years past. For today we are finding the demand for "World Law" constantly stressed by men high in government. It was surely no accident, nor without premeditation, that President Eisenhower himself urged it in his speech at the University of Delhi.

Meanwhile, I am most grateful that in your "Granite Integrity Rewarded" (December issue) you include that striking tribute to world federalist, peace-concerned Congressman William H. Meyer. For besides much else for which thinking Americans owe fervent thanks to Representative Meyer, in the last session he rendered signal service to world government by circularizing the entire lower house with the challenging "Charter of Versailles" and my own article, "World Federation—A Must." I shall be delighted to send both of these upon request, free, to your readers. Please address: R.F.D. 1, Brewster, New York.

Tracy D. Mygatt
New York Secretary
Campaign for World Government
Brewster, N.Y.

Oceans of Arms

Dear Sirs:

Not only business men but working people as well seem to believe that if the present dangerous arms race ever stops or slows down, we will have another depression.

I would like to suggest a plan whereby we can maintain arms production (and prosperity) without adding anything to our present stockpile of weapons—already big enough, so we are told; to kill off all humanity twenty times over.

Let the United Nations mobilize an army of inspectors and transportation workers and station them at all arms factories throughout the world. Instead of stockpiling the weapons as they came off the assembly line, these workers would load them into freight cars, ship them to the nearest seaport and transfer them into cargo vessels, which would then take the load and dump it into the deepest part of the ocean.

The vessels would then return to port and the whole process could be repeated indefinitely, at least until the level of the oceans started rising significantly. After that, maybe they could shoot the stuff out into space, thereby creating an enormous demand for rockets, which in turn would stimulate new business activity.

This plan would not only preserve present jobs but would also create new jobs for those involved in the plan. Its only drawback is that it might cause people to start thinking seriously about what purpose the production machine is supposed to serve, and this above all is what the powers-that-be wish to prevent.

R. Riddle
Denver, Colo.

Disputes Schickel

Dear Sirs:

As a new subscriber to *The Progressive*, I must say that the general tone and level of the publication commands my admiration. Not so, however, with Richard Schickel's "Hurrah for Our Side" in the December 1959 issue.

I was vastly intrigued by Schickel's production. Does he *really* believe that the America in which *The Progressive* is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary "is a quasi-fascist state" and that "we are all about to die of boredom and non-involvement"? Or is it simply that he intends a touch of hysteria to fortify the piquancy of his observations?

It was hardly necessary for Schickel to tell us that he is "still under 30." That is rather obvious. It is also obvious that our mid-century American society is far from becoming the City of God. But "this society and this country and this time" stand in no need of sophomoric contempt; they do stand in need of an intelligent, unrhetorical, responsible dedication to their improvement. Schickel suggests that it is to the "cool world" of "junkies, jazzmen, and thieves" that we ought to look for solace—*absit omen!* The late Ludwig Lewisohn had a term for this "cool world" as well as that of the addicts to mass entertainment; it was "ignoble decadence."

I think it a pity that Richard Schickel's taste is—apparently at least—unequal to his undeniable talent and spirit.

Rabbi Stanley F. Chyet
Cincinnati, Ohio

Progressive Gullible

Dear Sirs:

"President Eisenhower, who revealed a genuine zest for peacemaking"—so you say in your Holiday Greetings in the January issue. More likely, it seems to me, he displayed a zest for sightseeing. Didn't he say that from early boyhood he had always had a great desire to see the world and at last his wish was fulfilled—at government expense—on what some have referred to as the "Billion Dollar Tour"—which it could prove to be.

I did not think *The Progressive* was so gullible as to swallow this Republican propaganda—hook, line, and sinker; and I must say, this opening tribute spoiled the Holiday Greetings for me.

Dorothy Houser
Philadelphia, Pa.

Greetings

Dear Sirs:

To the Editor of *The Progressive*, who did what we should have done: extended Holiday Greetings to outstanding progressives whose words and deeds in 1959 reflected honor upon our nation and became the source of increased hope to many—New Year's Greetings!

Andrew Schulze
Executive Secretary
Lutheran Human Relations
Association of America
Valparaiso, Ind.

The Real Faubus

Dear Sirs:

Readers of James Youngdahl's article on Orval Faubus (December) are liable to lose sight of the real Governor Faubus, decked out as he is in brand new duds complete with union labels.

Faubus' "New Populism" is nothing of the sort: Orval is no Populist. Populism in both

the South and the Midwest was primarily a regional (not a class) protest which sought federal help in improving the welfare of a distressed area being "exploited" by railroads, eastern money interests, and the cotton exchange. Faubus, in contrast, has been exceedingly careful not to start any trouble for big business, big planters, big bankers, railroads, big utility companies, or the outside corporations he is inviting to take advantage of the "Land of Opportunity" (with subsidies if necessary).

If Faubus has any consistent welfare goal, outside of his own, it is not apparent. There is little in his public record (which is built upon the largest and most regressive tax increase in recent Arkansas history), or in his public posture (as the preservator of state's rights), or in his public image ("the man who kept them out"), or in Arkansas voting behavior (which has backed him, as he shrewdly saw, in proportion to his race pitch) which supports an analysis of him as a politician of the poorer classes.

Not every politician who proclaims himself the friend of the working people is a class politician. Few politicians anywhere fail to make bows in the direction of labor, the small farmer, or the school teacher; like them, Faubus makes his bows. But "Popularism" is not Populism; and race conflict is not identical with class conflict.

The best analysis of Orval Faubus has been made by Orval himself. "I am," he has said, a "child of fortune." Warming to his subject, he said that like a rabbit he never crawls into a hole without first making sure there's another way out of it. Orval Faubus' "New Brand of Populism" is really nothing but an Old Brand of Opportunism.

ALFRED WILLIAMS
Little Rock, Ark.

Dewey's Monstrous Fruit

Dear Sirs:

Your publication of the views of John L. Childs on John Dewey is but another indication of the significance and influence of Dewey's developmental "experiencing" on today's problems.

But we need no longer judge Dewey's ideas and practices intellectually or philosophically. These ideas reviewed by Childs are now old enough to be evaluated as I am sure Dewey would have preferred—pragmatically. Furthermore, one may apply the "fruit" test equally to the "chemico-physical processes which . . . constitute . . . life," or to the "antithetical subject . . . soul . . .", which, according to Childs, some desire to exempt from the methods and findings of experimental science.

One has only to hear, not necessarily see, the behavior of American children waiting 15 minutes for an overdue schoolbus, to know that the chemical machine and the *void* are interdependent. Taken as a whole or in parts, the fruit of the no-spirit educational theory is bitter. The book-learning product is not knowledge, but encyclopedic skill; the health education product is not a sound body, but team play and sexual adjustment; the character development product is not a "know thyself" with thoroughgoing honesty, but rather a self-gratification or worse, self-degradation program, passed off as community spirit, fellowship, and service.

I am grateful for every such clarification of Dewey's ideas, for I think one should be able to recognize the seeds which bear such monstrous fruit.

MIRIAM F. BOLDUAN
Frankfurt, Germany

Civil Liberties Appeal

Dear Sirs:

May we call your attention to the organization of the De Gregory Defense Committee. Like Dr. Willard Uphaus, just sentenced to a year's imprisonment in New Hampshire, Hugo De Gregory faces jail for refusing to answer the attorney general's questions. De Gregory, however, invoked the Fifth Amendment.

New Hampshire passed a state immunity law which took away his privilege without in any way relieving him of liability before the federal courts. The Supreme Court refused to accept his appeal, with only Justices Warren, Black, and Douglas dissenting. New Hampshire Attorney General Louis C. Wyman hailed this decision as "breaking the back of the Fifth Amendment."

Inquiries and contributions would be gratefully received by the undersigned.

DE GREGORY DEFENSE COMMITTEE
Mrs. Priscilla di Giovanni, Treasurer
Box 103, Hanover Street Station
Boston 13, Mass.

Likes Progressive Drift

Dear Sirs:

For a long time I, and perhaps other radicals, have looked upon *The Progressive* as one of the oracles of sterile and compromised American liberalism, touching mildly upon the grave issues which confront us, but unable and unwilling to grasp them firmly, lacking the courage to say that the only decent and rational solution is a radical one.

However, lately I have noticed that *The Progressive* has been drifting away from the mainstream of American liberalism, establishing a creative, independent liberalism with traces of the radical in it. Especially I commend your continuing and increasing concern with the problem of peace.

And then I am mildly amazed to find in your latest issue a favorable review of Norman Mailer's *Advertisements for Myself*. Your magazine is advancing, even though much of the sterility is still there; consciously or unconsciously you seem to be becoming aware of the bankruptcy of American liberalism. One more point: in your cinema sections, why not devote some criticism to serious foreign films and American post-experimental films, rather than wasting your space on trashy Hollywood merchandise?

LARRY SHUMM
Seattle, Wash.

Interracial Heartbreak

Dear Sirs:

I want to thank A. C. Christ (People's Forum, December) for forcing me to think through to the answer to a question that has often just annoyed me beyond words but which I have over the past 25 or more years failed to answer adequately. That is the question that many people, even those searching for truth and understanding, fall short of answering adequately—the stumbling block, "Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?"

Truthfully, no, but not because a Negro could not make a finer husband than many a white man. No, because of the many problems any interracial marriage creates and because our human maturity is still so primary in its level of development that we judge by what we see rather than by Christian truth.

I would tell her that she would commence such a marriage with her whole existence out of balance and that through the years of living it could only lead to heartbreak and disillusionment. But then so many roads lead to that. She might marry a man with A. C. Christ's inability to move with the times, with a stagnation of mind that also would lead to bitter disillusionment and heartbreak.

And, A.C., may I tell you that I would much rather be called a "Nigger lover" than be a hate monger.

EVELYN E. RAWLEY
Twentynine Palms, Calif.

Appalled

Dear Sirs:

I am appalled at the attitude expressed in a letter appearing in your issue of November, 1959. The letter, submitted by A. C. Christ, of Belleville, Michigan, condemns *The Progressive* as being an "NAACP propaganda sheet." He further states that the white race is responsible for "all of the advancements and achievements which you see about you." It is this passage, especially, which I wish to prove false.

The American Negro has made noted contributions to the progress of the United States in almost every field. In the area of science, George Washington Carver; education, Booker T. Washington; political science, Ralph J. Bunche; sports, Jackie Robinson; and music and dance, Duke Ellington, Lena Horne, and Katherine Dunham. The only way that Christ can avoid admitting these contributions, is by ignoring them, by pretending they don't exist. But they do exist, and when this is pointed out, the mainstay of Christ's argument crumbles. There remains merely a prejudice, with no substantial support.

An attitude like the one expressed by Christ can bring about nothing but disaster to the United States, when it is so very important that we do our utmost to practice democracy within our own boundaries. What possible basis have we to criticize other nations, when there are incidents like "Little Rock" staring at us from the pages of our history?

PAULA SIEGEL
Mumford High School
Detroit, Mich.

Dreary Liberals

Dear Sirs:

What a dreary state we liberals have achieved when even our *Progressive* accepts our President's visit to Franco without a murmur. I searched expectantly for a note of protest and perspective in the December issue, while recalling those tense days in 1936

with the daily battle lines featured in the New York *Times*.

HENRY B. HANSTEEN
Huntington, N.Y.

Political Blunder

Dear Sirs:

I am in complete accord with the views which you have expressed editorially under the title "If Peace Breaks Out" in the November issue of *The Progressive*. The hasty and cynical dismissal of the Khrushchev unorthodox disarmament proposal, as clumsy propaganda, old stuff, and a dream, was a political blunder.

There can be no doubt that Moscow will exploit this fact to its own greatest advantage among the vast masses of the world yearning for peace. Once again our leaders have shown a total lack of imagination. Once again we have demonstrated that we are strictly for the "status quo" regardless. Once again we have shown the world that we are primarily "anti" rather than "for" something.

NICHOLAS N. CHERNIAVSKY
Rockford, Ill.

Defends Symington

Dear Sirs:

Regarding Tris Coffin's article on John Kennedy, I am tired of hearing how much of a scared man Senator Symington was in the McCarthy-Army farce. In case Coffin had a different TV set from mine, Symington seemed to be one of the few in opposition to McCarthy who knew what he was saying and said it.

JACOB LEVIN
Chino, Calif.

Hollywood Junk and Inspired Imports

by DANIEL TALBOT

WHILE Hollywood films have been getting bigger, fatter, longer, duller, and stupider, we have been hit in recent months by a windfall of foreign films. Not all are superior, but one is a masterpiece. They all exhibit modesty, superb technique, seriousness, and plenty of evidence that the art of the film is not a dying form by any means. Meanwhile we have to put up with a manifesto which Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, recently published in *The Film Daily*, in which he said, among other preposterous things: "I am tired of every Tom, Dick, Harry (or Mary Jane) who takes a swipe at this industry to get his name in the papers." It occurs to me that if everybody began trying to get their names in the papers by taking such swipes, then maybe we could do in the industry once and for all. I, for one, am tired of Hollywood, of Eric Johnston's Sales Manager posture, and of the half-baked reviewing that bends over backward in knocking some of these foreign imports while pulling punches with the American product. If this seems like an utterly nihilistic view of Culver City, I can assure the reader that it springs full-blown from all the junk Hollywood has offered this past year.

Two-and-a-half noteworthy pieces of junk are *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *Cash McCall*, and *Behind The Great Wall* (the latter is an Italian documentary with the American smellie process, AromaRama). *Journey*, deriving from the Jules Verne work, surely deserves the nomination of being one of the all-time worst films ever made. It is so badly executed in every respect that I played around with the speculation that perhaps the director was spoofing the Verne genre. But even Pat Boone crooning in between the stalactites and stalagmites was far too boyishly earnest to allow of this idle thought. As to *Cash McCall*, which turns out to be a yummy humanization of a new phenomenon—the *anonymous* American cowboy of manipulated corporations—it was painful to see the considerable talents of E. G. Marshall go down the drain like lye. The best part of *Behind The Great Wall* was the Italian half in those few sequences of small town life in China today; finally, though, most of the documentary was not much more advanced than a Fitzpatrick travelogue.

India, Russia, Japan, France, Sweden, and England have sent us enough interesting films lately to form a veritable film library of reissue potential.

From Russia we've got *The Cranes Are Flying* and Eisenstein's *Ivan, The Terrible, Part II*. The Eisenstein film is in some respects more interesting than Part I. A few scenes (the banquet, the flashback to Ivan's childhood, the evil Efrosinia breaking into song) "take off" out of the welter of lumbering, overpowering sequences of close-ups, and serve to break up the almost static operatic style which vitiates both films. There is a constant dialogue between hypnotic faces and close-ups of emblems, wall paintings, feet, hands, crosses, and hawks atop hats. Eisenstein is one of the few film geniuses who can torture an inner life out of an object. Cherkasov is even more mystifyingly brilliant and beautiful in this film than in the earlier one: we see more sides of him—at once graver and lighter. To the Western mind, the Pan-Slavic insinuations of both films can be frightening. The thing that comes across to me is Dilthey's thesis that man has no nature but rather a history. Briefly, if you like cinema in its most artistically lavish and painterly sense, this is a film that must be seen. *The Cranes Are Flying* is not an especially important film but I was quite surprised by how well made it is. I was under the impression that on the whole the Soviet film of the past

ten (or twenty) years was crude and amateurish. Except for the ending—huge blasts of mawkish peace-propaganda—this film has a lot of first-rate camera work, some decent acting, a fine sense of human warmth, and a partially convincing story. I particularly enjoyed Vasily Merkuryev in the role of an authentic *pater familias*, a sight I have not seen anywhere in a long time.

From France comes *The Cousins, The Lovers, The 400 Blows,* and *Black Orpheus.* I am sure that any artistically intentioned American film maker seeing these films will walk out of the movie house with heartburn, a migraine headache, and funny stomach noises—not, mind you, the result of disliking them but because he cannot be making similar films under similar conditions in the United States. *The 400 Blows* is by far the best of the four, an inspiring documentary-like film of a young boy whose view of the world, when we meet him, has already been jaundiced by malice, stupidity, apathy, and institutional cruelty. Some of the background shots of disturbed concrete walls reminded me of the street poetry of Aaron Siskind's photography. The first 35 minutes of *The Lovers* is, technically speaking, almost perfect movie-making—in story, acting, pacing, and shot-framing. The picture is Flaubert vulgarized and, contrary to the general opinion that the big love scene was delicately and tastefully handled, I think it suffered from not being more pornographic. *The Cousins,* too, is well made. I particularly liked the catlike, profoundly sensual performance of Juliette Mayniel. *Black Orpheus* has gorgeous color, a nutty adaptation of the Orpheus legend, and all the footage you would happily want to see on those exciting Brazilian Negroes.

Sweden sends us an Ingmar Bergman film, *A Lesson in Love,* and this is the maddest Bergman I've yet seen. It has some great leg-pulling scenes of body-banging, head-bopping, and furniture-breaking. All the Bergman excesses show up here; if you admire Bergman, this film will serve as a comic pastiche of some of his other films.

England sends us *Sapphire,* an engrossing, competent murder melodrama with a race angle. It has some humorous footage of Jamaican Negroes in London making fun of John Law which reminded me of the desperadoes in Isaac Babel's short stories, *Benya Krik* and *The Gangster.*

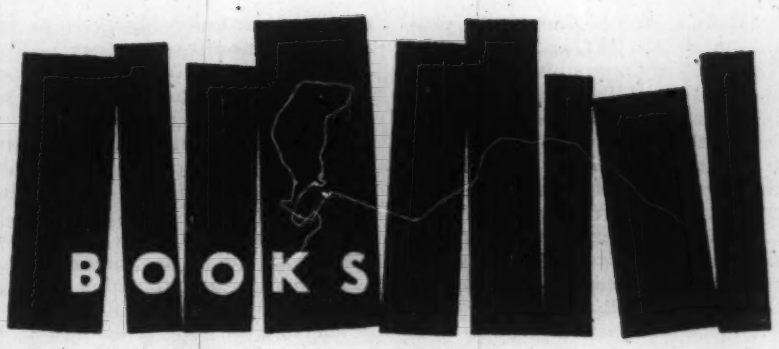
From Japan—*The Human Condition, Carmen Comes Home,* and *A Girl in The Mist.* The first film contains some powerful moments but suffers from repetition. *Carmen Comes Home* is crudely made, but there is enough shrewd humor in it to satisfy the most humorless person. *A Girl in The Mist* is charming—similar in handling to some of the Pagnol films.

And now for Satyajit Ray's new film, *The World of Apu,* which is nothing less than a masterpiece. I was unable to see the first two films of which *The World of Apu* comprises a trilogy and so I comment on this film slightly out of context. Even so, I haven't been moved by a film so profoundly since *Bicycle Thief.* The story concerns a young Indian, Apu, living in poverty in a seedy cell of a room in Calcutta; he aspires to live, notwithstanding lack of food, clothes, and possibility of perpetual material and status failure, as deeply and meaningfully as possible. This sounds like a psychotic's dream in our world today but as Ray portrays this beautiful Indian it comes through as real as you can possibly imagine. Apu, who is delineated as a Christ figure in appearance and behavior, is working on a novel, and his desire to complete it possesses him. One day his best friend invites him to the country to attend a wedding. There, amid the ritual splendor of a comfortable Hindu family preparing for the marriage ceremony, he lies on the grass by a river, napping, dreaming, drinking in the sunset and river people at work and play. When the groom suddenly goes berserk Apu is asked to marry the girl else she will be cursed. For no really explainable reason he decides to do so, at the risk of losing his freedom and his novel. They return to his room in Calcutta and, strangers to each other, begin falling in love in some of the most poetic scenes of early marital days yet done on the screen (a hairpin on the pillow, taking turns at fanning each other at breakfast, childlike staring at each other's face and body). Apu gets a job as a typist. He is less interested in his novel now; he prefers the luxury of this new experience. His wife goes to her parents when she becomes pregnant and then dies in childbirth, leaving behind a son. The news of her death, in a scene of this kind of tragic revelation that need never be done again on the screen, shatters Apu. He quits his job, grows a beard, wanders throughout India with his novel in a rucksack, which he eventually throws away, a man hopelessly destroyed, a Van Gogh in density of depression. Five years later we see him toiling in a mine in Central India. His best friend seeks him out and urges him to return to his son, who, fatherless, has been growing up a demon child, unhappy, violent, poorly tended by his grandparents. The finale of this story centers around how Apu tries to convince his child that he is the father, that he loves him, and that he wishes to take him back to Calcutta. No amount of cajoling convinces the boy, although he finds himself constantly casing Apu. Apu leaves a handful of jewels behind to pay for boarding the boy out, and as he walks off the child follows him. The climax to this primal intuition is surely one of the great moments of film making.

With this film Satijyat Ray emerges, in my opinion, as the outstanding film artist of the new generation. He is a humanist, a poet, a realist, unsentimental but majestically romantic. He knows more about people in simple and complicated human situations than any director I can think of. He does not advance his perceptions by logic but by some well-ordered intuitive process that convinces the beholder of their absolute truth, so that the hero's trajectory, which in a plot precis borders on fantasy, is plausible and in fact could not be otherwise.

The plaintive Indian musical score is used perfectly and the photography has that apocalyptic quality of catching trees, rooms, people as we configurate them in their most vital forms. Every inch of celluloid is the work of an inspired man.

I wish Eric Johnston would see this film—along with Tom, Dick, Harry (or Mary Jane).



Labor Then and Now

by JACK BARBASH

THE VAGARIES of book publishing have brought together in a relatively brief period of time a collection of volumes that explore the meaning of labor's past and the vexing problems of its present: Joseph Rayback has written a history of the labor movement from the colonial era to the present. Philip Taft examines the great, post-1933 transformation in the American labor movement. The posthumous volume of William M. Leiserson focuses on democratic government in the American union. David J. Saposs deals with communist penetration. Lester Velie directs his attention primarily to racketeering.

Rayback's *History of American Labor* is an accurate rendering of the main facts in the historic development of the American labor movement beginning with the status of labor in the colonial period. The main lines of labor movement development are marked off: the great debate between reform unionism and economic unionism culminating in the Knights of Labor; the victory of job control as the central function of the union marked by ascendancy of the AFL; the big sleep of the 1920's; the labor upsurge in the 1930's; the counter-union offensive beginning with the Taft-Hartley law; the merger of the AFL and CIO concludes the volume.

This is a text-book, and it meets text-book standards; the main facts are there. It devotes rather more space to the economic setting than most textbooks do. The bibliography is one of the best features of the book. The writing style is wooden, and the human juices of drama and conflict are subdued. The chief criticism that I have of Rayback's book is the relatively cursory treatment of the post-New Deal period in the American labor movement. From here on out, I think writers of general labor history can properly operate on the assumption that John R. Commons and associates and a number of other competent works have pretty well dealt with the pre-New Deal period. We are still lacking a general history that deals with the post-1933 period in detail, depth, and dimension.

Philip Taft's *The AFL, From the Death of Gompers to the Merger* is a major work in American labor history, because we have here for the first time from the basic AFL documents the intramural dialogue of the great debate over craft vs. industrial unionism. The verdict of history which Taft renders finds the top leadership of the AFL guilty, at the very least, of obtuseness in responding to the challenge of mass production organization made possible by the New Deal climate.

Taft's judgment is that the top AFL leaders—men like Tobin, Hutcheson, and Wharton of the Machinists—were more concerned with preserving the jurisdictional interests of the old line unions than with expanding the scope and horizons of the labor movement as a whole. William Green, the president of the AFL during this period, although a kind-hearted and generous man personally, was temperamentally incapable of providing leadership.

Once the die was cast—once the AFL and CIO established themselves as separate organizations—then, it is clear from Taft's account, the AFL rose to the requirements of the times. Although the eclipse of the AFL had been freely predicted, by the time merger came about in 1954-1955 the AFL had twice as many members as the CIO. Confronted by the CIO thrust, the AFL unions abandoned their doctrinaire craft vs. industrial unionism approach, and organized wherever and whatever they could.

With the breaking out of the AFL unions from their craft union shell the orientation of the AFL to public policy questions, and in particular its attitude toward the role of government in the economic life of the nation, veered sharply. From a philosophy of voluntarism which was the Gompers' formulation of laissez-faire, the AFL became an ardent supporter of the welfare state. From a movement that had recoiled from commitments in the international labor community on the ground that it was contaminated with socialist ideology, the AFL became an aggressive, full-fledged citizen in the international labor community. The AFL's role, as Taft's researches illuminate so clearly, has been a major factor in providing substance and morale to the free labor movements of the world—beleaguered by hostile governments on the one side, and even more seriously by Communist cadres on the other.

The personality of George Meany emerges as a major factor in this great transformation. Where Green

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A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LABOR, by Joseph Rayback. Macmillan. 457 pp. $6.

THE AFL, FROM THE DEATH OF GOMPERS TO THE MERGER, by Philip Taft. Harper. 499 pp. $7.50.

COMMUNISM IN AMERICAN UNIONS, by David J. Saposs. McGraw-Hill. 279 pp. $7.50.

AMERICAN TRADE UNION DEMOCRACY, by William M. Leiserson. Columbia University Press. 355 pp. $7.50.

LABOR, U.S.A., by Lester Velie, Harper. 318 pp. $4.95.

regarded himself as simply a barometer of the conflicting drifts in the AFL, Meany saw himself as a leader whose first function was to lead. And so Meany led, as Taft amply demonstrates, not only in a re-examination of the AFL's public policy objectives but also of its internal policy objectives. It was Meany who provided the leadership in the drive to oust the corrupt unions from the AFL, as he has done in the merged AFL-CIO. It was Meany who first formulated a viable basis upon which unity between the two great federations could take place.

Taft has written a major work and has confronted the critical issues which his research revealed in a courageous and forthright manner.

The changing face of the labor movement in the contemporary scene is symbolized by the subject matter which Saposs, Velie, and Leiserson have chosen to write about. The focus of interest has shifted from labor problems to labor's problems: Communism, corruption, and democracy have become the mainstays of discussion. The concern is no longer with labor's right to exist but on labor's responsibility to society. This shift in focus is particularly notable since, in the case of Saposs and Leiserson, we have two men who have been historic defenders of labor's right to organize and to bargain collectively through unions of their own choosing. Velie is a reporter, but a reporter who does not think of himself as being anti-union.

The Saposs book, *Communism in American Unions*, is a natural extension of this distinguished scholar's classic *Left-Wing Unionism*, which, thirty years later, is still an indispensable work. The distinctive quality of the current Saposs enterprise is the examination of Communist penetration in AFL unions. As Saposs remarks, "A widespread erroneous impression pervades, even among the reasonably well-informed, that the Communists confined their activities chiefly within the CIO. Actually they turned on the AFL with avidity equal to that directed against the CIO. In the AFL, they were able to penetrate only its affiliates. Here their greatest headway was achieved on the lower levels. In the CIO they were more successful, penetrating even to its . . . headquarters."

Saposs examines Communist penetration in both AFL and CIO unions. The study of Communist strategy and tactics in the Hollywood unions—that is, the various talent guilds, the stagehands, the carpenters, the painters—is a classic case history involving all the ingredients of Communist penetration. The party functionary, the Communist cell, the party stooge, the slogans, the demonstrations—all are revealed in abundant documentary detail. The Hollywood situation illuminates another aspect of Communist penetration rarely treated by responsible scholars; namely, the special attraction which Communist ideologies have had for the intellectual—in this case the Hollywood intellectual, frustrated by the indignities of his daily job, who turns to the brave new Communist world. Saposs' Hollywood study also reveals the importance which the Communist Party attaches to the infiltration of intellectual groups, not only as so many more bodies who can be counted in the Communist appartus, but also as opinion-makers.

The current stage of Communist strategy with respect to the trade unions is characterized by Saposs as "running for cover." "The new party line," according to Saposs, "in accordance with ideas of its international mentor, features the 'possibility of achieving under existing conditions a protracted period of peaceful coexistence.' "

William M. Leiserson's *American Trade Union Democracy* is a posthumous volume dealing with the author's reflection on and researches in the government of American trade unions. The enterprise had not been finished when Leiserson died, but his son, Avery, and other associates were right when they decided to publish, even in incomplete form. What Leiserson has done is to write the first full-dress political science of trade unionism. He examines the instrumentalities of trade union government: the national union convention, the headquarters, the union constitution, the union officers, the local union, and union intermediate bodies. Leiserson and his associates found their raw material in personal attendance at union functions, in detailed analysis of the documents—like convention proceedings and constitutions. Leiserson then undertakes to develop a systematic analysis of the government of unions at all levels, largely from the standpoint of the political science of public governments.

It is a matter of some concern, or should be, to trade unionists that Leiserson emerges from this analysis with a sense of disquiet, if not alarm, at the state of trade union democracy. "As unions have grown in membership and in the territory and occupations they cover and as they have taken on new functions, the relations between the officialdom of the organizations and their members have become more and more like those between the government of a nation and its people, or between the management of a great corporation and its stockholders and its employees . . . The officials to whose care the institutions of unionism are entrusted tend to value and conserve interests of the organization above those of the individual members. The union must be safeguarded, perpetuated, even at the cost of sacrificing those who happen to be members at any time . . ."

In probing for an explanation for this state of affairs, Leiserson finds that union insecurity is the generating cause of "the dangers to liberty and democracy in union organization," a feeling which is characteristic not only of leaders but of the membership as well, which "shares the feeling of apprehension for the safety of their organizations."

The quality of union democracy becomes a public concern because unions are not "ordinary private government." The degree of loyalties which they demand from the membership and the obedience which is required go beyond the boundaries of most private governments.

I raise two questions about the Leiserson analysis. One, do the standards of public government democracy constitute an adequate standard for trade union democracy? Two, if not, don't we need therefore a theory of union democracy that is more meaningful for the kind of function which the union performs?

Leiserson brings to the task such unchallengeable credentials that, almost more than anybody else who

has written about this subject of democracy in unions, his concern for the state of trade union democracy warrants the most sober reflection on the part of the labor movement leadership. In the last analysis, it is the will of leadership to do something about this that will have the most decisive effect.

Lester Velie's *Labor U.S.A.* is an attempt at a candid shot of the American labor movement, 1959, largely through portraits of individual union leaders. The emphasis is on the pathology of unionism, although Velie does seek to inject a measure of balance by dealing sympathetically with such labor movement figures as Gompers, Meany, Reuther, Dubinsky, and Randolph. Velie's labor movement is populated by good guys and bad guys. At least one union—the Upholsterers—has challenged Velie's interpretation of certain facts. I think Velie may be too personal in his approach, although this makes for easy and facile reading.

The main undercurrent of the Velie book is racketeering in unions, which Velie writes about in terms of personal wickedness. To be sure, this is a large element in racketeering because racketeering cannot take place without dishonest and immoral people. But the propensity which certain kinds of industries create for racketeering is largely ignored by Velie. For example, he sees no meaning to the fact that racketeering, by his own showing, takes place in small scale, highly competitive, high labor cost industries. His book is interesting, but it lacks depth and genuine insight.

The fact that the five books in review fit togther so neatly in bringing us from labor's remote past to the unsettled problems of the present raises inevitably the question of the unions' future. Can the elan, initiative, and purpose of the Thirties be recaptured? Is the labor movement paying the inevitable price of bigness? Conversely, has professional industrial management moved into the offensive?

If the unions can extricate themselves from the daily grind of survival, these questions can stand some sober thought by the responsible leadership of the labor movement at all levels.

Opinions for Sale

THE IMAGE MERCHANTS. THE FABULOUS WORLD OF PUBLIC RELATIONS, by Irwin Ross. Doubleday. 288 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by

Scott M. Cutlip

PUBLIC RELATIONS truly "is a capacious term covering a multitude of activities," ranging from brassy press agentry to Presidential peace missions. The term is difficult to define, the field hazardous to generalize about. Simply defined, public relations (PR) is a systematic effort to influence public opinion, either in one's favor or against one's competitor. The PR specialist meets an essential need in our specialized, segmented society plagued by communications breakdowns, by frictions born of misunderstandings, and by failure of the mass media to measure up to their job.

Irwin Ross concludes his critical look at the practice of public relations with this: "We would all gain, in sum, if the PR man were edged out of the shadows and subjected to the glare of attention normally reserved for his clients. These days he is important enough to warrant continual scrutiny." Ross is quite right, and he has made an important contribution to this end. Guided by the standards of a good reporter, Ross sailed a steady course between the platitudinous pap found in practitioner-written journals and the sledgehammer criticism by those who view public relations as nothing but black magic used for evil ends. Ross has done much the same job for public relations that Martin Mayer did for advertising in his *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.* Both needed doing. (Incidentally, Ross' appraisal of public relations is much sounder than Mayer's chapter on PR.)

This book is an elaboration of a series of profiles of the major PR counseling firms which Ross wrote as a reporter for the New York *Post*. One chapter, that on Whitaker & Baxter, the slick salesmen of California politics, appeared in the July, 1959, issue of *Harper's*. To these profiles Ross has added a chapter on public relations in the non-profit field (mental health) and thoughtful discussions of the PR man's life, his ethics, his results, and his impact on society. The result is a readable and informative book that deserves a wide audience.

That the book grew out of this series of profiles explains its most serious weakness—undue emphasis on the well-known counselors centered in New York City as against the less well-known but larger army of practitioners, some 80,000 in number, employed as public relations specialists on the payrolls of corporations, cooperatives, community chests, colleges, churches, labor unions, hospitals, banks, trade associations, government, and so on, from coast to coast. Their fame may be less than that of a Bernays, but their cumulative impact is greater. Ross takes this larger group into account, but the emphasis in terms of space goes to the well-known names and activities of Carl Byoir & Associates, Hill & Knowlton, Ben Sonnenberg, Edward L. Bernays, Earl Newsom, Ruder & Finn, and other big-time counseling firms. The author's New York-oriented life also explains the Madison Avenue emphasis.

Ross' research is that of a good reporter rather than that of a scholar. He does not delve as deeply as he might into the impact of public relations. For example, he does not discuss fully the impact of this "fastest-growing service trade" on our mass media. The fact that our wire services and daily newspapers are abdicating more and more of the news reporting task to PR people serving primarily the interests of their employers deserves more attention than it is getting. A former student of mine is quoted by Ross as saying: "We can get almost anything in the newspapers and magazines distorted, left out, omitted. It isn't checked, it isn't gone into. It is a rather alarming thing." This corrosion of our public communications channels is indeed an "alarming thing," but the culprit is not the PR man. Too often the more talented newsman is on the public relations side of the press table.

The most solemn part of the ritual of PR practitioners proclaiming themselves professions is that, as John W. Hill puts it, "The foundation for good public relations consists of sound policies and good works conceived in the

public interest." I am sure that Hill conscientiously believes that the policies of the major steel companies which he has helped formulate and implement from the Little Steel Strike of 1937 to the Big Steel Strike of 1959 were "conceived in the public interest." Public relations men serving the cause of labor would violently disagree. So would a large share of the public. You could get similar debate over whether Hill & Knowlton are serving "the public interest" in their service to the tobacco industry since medical research linked lung cancer to cigaret smoking. Ross shrewdly cuts through this shibboleth to say, "The public interest is a rhetorical device to win acceptance for policies which might otherwise be unpalatable."

We know that sometimes private interest and public interest coincide, sometimes conflict. The basic fact is that the public must ultimately decide what is in "the public interest." This the public can and will do so long as it has free access to reliable information. Insofar as the public relations man serves that end, he serves democracy. Insofar as he blocks, suppresses, or distorts information, he hurts democracy. The too-seldom recited failures of public relations campaigns "characterized by manipulation" speak well for the public's ability to define its own best interests. We must focus our attention on knowing who these practitioners are and the causes they serve. Given this knowledge and free access for all points of view in the public opinion market place, democracy will endure.

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World of the Gods

THE MASKS OF GOD: PRIMITIVE MYTHOLOGY, by Joseph Campbell. Viking. 504 pp. $6.

Reviewed by

Priscilla Robertson

IN A SPECIES of grayling moth, the preference of the male for dark-hued mates is so strong that if offered an imitation female, darker than any seen in nature, he will fly after it, lured by what Joseph Campbell calls a "supernormal image." Men, according to him, satisfy their appetite for supernormal stimulation by the creation of myths.

Long one of the most learned and sensitive students of mythology, Campbell believes that enough has now been discovered through psychology, ethnology, archeology, and Biblical criticism so that it is possible for the first time to sketch in "a natural history of the gods and heroes, such as in its final form should include in its purview all divine beings—as zoology includes all animals and botany all plants—not regarding any as sacrosanct or beyond its scientific domain. For, as in the visible world of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, so also in the visionary world of the gods: there has been a history, an evolution, a series of mutations, governed by laws; and to show forth such laws in the proper aim of science."

It has long been known that all myths are nature myths, but the relationships in time, from Paleolithic days to now, and in space, from Ireland to Peru, seem to show that the basic myths, elaborately varied, are two. The older is the magic by which hunters conjure their prey, making animals (so they say) "willing" to be killed by a promise of rebirth, thus ensuring not only a continuous food supply but a kind of unity between the animals and the tricky yet somehow compassionate hunters. This magic was practiced by shamans, such as were depicted on the walls of caves in southern France 30,000 years ago, and wherever men have depended on killing wild prey it has been much the same down to the buffalo hunters on the American plains.

The other great myth, with which we are more familiar, arose in Neolithic times, with agriculture. Plants, it seems, were more blood-thirsty than animals, and required to be propitiated by blood offerings, whether of gods, or kings or maidens, in horrendous but rapturous rites which our ancestors carried on for millenia. As villages grew into cities and priests turned to star-gazing, the myth of the dying-and-rising seed was buttressed by evidence of the dying-and-rising moon and planets. Hierarchies were built in imitation of these heavenly rotations, taking their toll of human life.

One of Campbell's most pregnant ideas is that the maturity and pacification of the human species might be served better right now by the spirit of the shamanistic vision rather than the murderous fertility orgy. Each shaman, in a hunting culture, sought for his private insight rather than for a mass conformity; and when the full vision came it turned out to be a mystic experience of unity with the whole of nature. The rites of the planting cultures, on the other hand, have united man only to their own tribe, have taught them intolerance of others, and the merits of submission to a supreme being rather than how to steal fire from heaven.

Some people, of course, believe that myths are literally true; others that they are deliberate frauds; and still others, like the Freudians, that they

are infantilisms. To none of these groups would myth-making be an appropriate occupation for grown men today. Campbell shows, alternatively, that myths create willingnesses, not in plants, animals, or stars, but in the human nervous system, strengthening the hunter's arm and making young men eager and able to perform the duties socially required in their culture, not to mention creating the ecstasies of supernormal visions.

If the loss of the experienced myth produces a loss of individual and social integration, we begin to ask how our own society can win it back; Campbell believes that we not only can, but must. The danger, in a skeptical civilization, is that we shall know all "about" myths without experiencing their impact from within. There is, however, one attitude which allows full participation alongside awareness of the created game—and that is the attitude of *play*, which, incidentally, was clearly part of the insight of the old mythmakers, though often lost by modern orthodoxies. One way to achieve this attitude is through art; I wonder if Campbell would allow the American Constitution a social "myth," for the supernormal vision it gives of the ordinary man as receiver of justice and participant in social decision-making, and its consequent transformation of our lives.

This whole volume, which deals only with pre-literate cultures, is full of wonderful suggestiveness. Campbell has brooded on his material until he has caught the kind of thing you can see only in the twilight out of the sides of your eyes, although he fits all this into as solid a framework as the present state of science allows. To complete his natural history of the gods he plans three more books—on Oriental mythology, Occidental mythology, and on "creative mythology", which he ringingly tells us is flourishing "in the works of those artists, poets, and philosophers of the West for whom the wonder of the world itself—as it is now being analyzed by science—is the ultimate revelation."

Different Failures

by Richard Schickel

A BOOK LIKE *The Lincoln Lords* (Little-Brown. $5) always awes me. I can never imagine how a writer, no matter how blunt his sensibilities, how mundane his prose, how tinny his ear, can manage to type out 556 pages of such drivel without going completely bananas in the process. In addition, I can't understand a publisher adorning such a trash basket with encomiums like "a truly major work . . . a truly revealing novel." Nor do I understand, even taking into account all the perversions of rational thought which have accompanied universal literacy, how so many readers can be such devoted admirers of its author, Cameron Hawley. I refuse to believe there are that many tired businessmen in the world.

The Lincoln Lords are not, as you might suspect, rulers of a shire in medieval England. They are Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Lord, man and wife in today's United States, people who might be your neighbors if you happened to be in the $50,000 a year bracket. Linc is one of those bags of wind who rule so many destinies in our time. He is a professional corporation executive with no talent beyond charm and public speaking ability. He is the sort who gathers a "team" around him and then proceeds to live, parasite fashion, off their ideas. His one contribution to their effort is his ability to put their ideas over on stockholders, consumers, and employees. He is, in short, frontman and salesman.

As the book opens he accepts his sixth corporate presidency in ten years—a minor one—and everyone, including his wife, is coming to think that he is little more than an empty-headed blow—the correct view of the man, in my opinion. But never underestimate the power of charisma, for by the end of the book, Linc has made a going concern out of a moribund food cannery.

Hawley wants us to believe that no

THE REVIEWERS

JACK BARBASH, professor of labor education at the University of Wisconsin, wrote "Labor Unions in Action" and "The Practice of Unionism" and edited the new volume, "Unions and Union Leadership." SCOTT M. CUTLIP is a professor of journalism at the University of Wisconsin. PRISCILLA ROBERTSON wrote "Revolutions of 1848" and is a former editor of The Humanist. RICHARD SCHICKEL reviews fiction regularly for The Progressive.

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one but a "go-getter" like Linc could have pulled off such a feat, but the truth is that the writer has stacked the cards in Linc's favor. Not one of the things that happens in that cannery is initiated by Linc. Rather, he is the recipient of good breaks and good thinking on the part of his associates. The truth is that Hawley has a thesis which he is trying to ram down our throats. His notion is that the true men of value in our society are not the creators but the sellers. Not content to rest his case on the career of Lincoln Lord, Hawley sprinkles his volume with little moral tales which further support his notion. My favorite is the one about the scholar who has his research stolen from him by a colleague, but who comes to regard the thief highly because he had the vision to turn the stolen work into money for the college.

This, of course, is the old ends-justify-means argument and writing in the wake of all the scandals which have lately rocked the business world, I am, perhaps, over-reacting to it. But it is an all-too-common rationalization for the ways of our huckster-oriented society. Lord is a hollow fraud of the type we used to satirize or vilify in the novels of the Twenties and Thirties. He is the opportunist, the booster, in many ways a semi-tragic figure in his lack of values and lack of self-awareness—a sort of Willy Loman in a corner office.

Hawley has tried to make a virtue of fraudulence. We have no need of this. We probably don't need novels of protest any more either. But we do need insightful books, written by social historians of sensibility, about the business community. We need people who can probe, surgically, for the cancer that seems to affect the thinking of these people. Hawley, on the basis of the power of observation shown in this novel, and on the basis of his plot, which is by turns melodramatic and boring, is not the man for the job.

I had hopes that Harvey Swados, the author of *False Coin* (Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4) was the man for the job. He is a decent, humane, intelligent writer, deeply engaged in, and concerned about, what is going on in our society these days. In his new novel Swados asks us to believe that a foundation has set up an experimental artists' colony in which writers, musicians, painters are attempting to create variations on a single story for all the media, from opera to comic books. As it is created, their product is being tested by social science researchers on sample audiences. Promised perfect freedom to create, along with freedom from monetary concerns, the artists find, as they proceed, governmental, business, and foundation pressure beginning to twist their work out of shape. The chief agent of these pressures is the social scientists who claim to know what the public wants.

The narrator of the novel, a recording engineer, finally feels that he must stand up against these pressures and against the Lincoln Lord types who counsel acceptance of them. He fails, but not before an eloquent plea for the necessity of freedom for the artist.

We can see in the "pilot project" a microcosm of all the forces which attempt to blunt and stunt the artist's vision. Swados' case for freedom, and against the "team" method of creation, is well stated. I am in agreement with Swados' intellectual position, but I don't particularly admire his method of stating it. His work suffers from a lack of life. His characters are too full of "literary" talk, and they are more symbols in a morality play than human beings. The author has fallen into one of the commonest of fiction's traps. His ideas rob his novel of vitality; his need to prove his point prevents him from proving that his people are real.

I suppose the sincerity of a man like Harvey Swados has to be commended. And next to a writer like Cameron Hawley he is a tower of light and strength. Yet, his obvious talent and intelligence force one to judge him on an entirely different level. Hawley is beneath consideration as a literary artist, but Swados must be judged with the best of his generation. On that level one is forced, unwillingly, to say that his novel is a failure. His thesis cannot make up for the wooden prose and obvious characterization. And his political orientation, I think, blocks him from using all of his sensibility in the observation of character and of events and from wringing total meaning from them.

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INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION

David Dubinsky, President

Memo to: Morris H. Rubin, Editor, The Progressive

From: Gus Tyler, Director
ILGWU Training Institute

Subject: A CAREER WITH A CHALLENGE.

Your readers, especially those under the age of 35, have been a source of talent, inspiration and raw material for us during the last few years. Each year, we have heard from your readers in response to our appeal for dedicated young men and women to work in the labor movement.

We are convinced that in every generation there is a segment of young people who would like to play a courageous and active role in changing the shape of things, and we are therefore renewing our invitation to a career that others—in this decade—have found a rewarding way of life.

The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union conducts its own "West Point," to prepare young men and women for careers in labor leadership. The one-year course combines classroom and field work. Those who complete the course are assigned to a full-time job with the union.

With the job comes the challenge—to provide the kind of dedicated and ethical leadership that will make the American labor movement the creative social force it seeks to be.

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